BEHIND THE NEW BRITISH CABINET

The failure of another "Hess mission" . . . Claude Cockburn cables the story of Sir Stafford Cripps' rise.

NEW MASSES

MARCH 3, 1942 15c

"Honorable Ancestor"

THE JAPAN WE SAW

By Leane Zugsmith, Carl Randau, and H. J. Timperley

THE CLIVEDEN SET SNARLS

By the Editors

OLD TRICKS BY OLD TORIES

Washington report by Bruce Minton

SHELTER

A short story of Paris under the terror.
By Anna Seghers

Cartoons from the Magazine Cartoonists' Anti-Axis Exhibit by Rea, Johnson, Hoff, D'Alessio, Terry, Hilton. Others by Gropper, Richter, Reinhardt.

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Between Ourselves

IT'S YOUR MOVE

Cliveden Set—that's the phrase on everyone's lips these days. The President brought the existence of this crowd to public attention in his famous press conference some ten days ago. They are the circle of men and women who stand in the way of our full war effort, who hate Churchill, hate Roosevelt, hate Stalin. Thomas Dewey used the phrase in his Lincoln's Day address, in which he warned that within both major parties, there were powerful minorities working toward a negotiated peace with Hitler. And Bruce Minton, our Washington correspondent, made the journalistic scoop of the year in his exclusive NEW MASSES feature last week, naming the names of America's Clivedeneers.

But did it ever occur to you who first put the spotlight on the original Cliveden set? Well, it happens to have been our London correspondent, Claude Cockburn. In his famous newsletter, "The Week," there used to appear the inside doings of the men and women who brought Munich about.

NEW MASSES is proud of the fact that we were on the spot with Bruce Minton's sensational story from Washington last week. And we're proud, too, that we are able to bring you Claude Cockburn's observations from another great world capital, London. It's the kind of information, and the kind of writing you'll not find in any other magazine in the country. It's the story that makes news.

We are in the midst of our campaign for 5,000 new readers. That is a modest figure. There are many thousands more who ought to be following Minton and Cockburn, and all our other features each week.

What have you done this week to get a sub for NEW MASSES? Have you canvassed friends, schoolmates, shopmates, die-hard uncles, aunts and mothers-in-law, all of the folk that ought to be reading NEW MASSES each week? Are you helping us build the magazine, building the subs to sink the enemy?

LAST week and the week before that, you will remember, we printed a kind of "what do you want?" quiz addressed to you, the readers. The answers that have come in so far enliven editorial conferences. We are most appreciative of those answers which go beyond the yes-or-no reply and extend to reasons, reactions, criticism, and suggestions. There have been quite a lot of those. It won't be long before we will be able to make some sort of summary of the total response. Before that, however, we want to be sure that the response is as large and representative as possible. If you haven't yet filled out your questionnaire, please do so by return mail. The questions are printed in full on page 31 of this issue—either tear them out and fill in the answers or write the answers separately, numbering them to correspond to the queries. *Remember, it is not necessary to sign your name.*

Our other quiz—*What Do You Know?*—comes in the form of a book. There are 760 questions and if you get stumped the answers are in the back of the book. Before you look them up, though, you will have lots of fun using the book with your friends as a game. The back cover of this issue will tell you more about the Quiz Book and how you can get a copy.

Who's Who

LEANE ZUGSMITH is a noted short story writer. She is also the author of the novels *A Time to Remember* and *The Summer Soldier*. . . . Carl Randau is a New York newspaperman. . . . H. J. Timperley was a correspondent in the Far East for the *Manchester Guardian*. . . . Anna Seghers was one of Germany's outstanding anti-fascist novelists. She is now living in Mexico. . . . Louis Emmanuel Martin is editor of the Negro newspaper, the *Michigan Chronicle*. . . . Abraham Unger is a New York lawyer. . . . Carlos Bulosan is a Filipino writer living on the West Coast. . . . Myra Page is the author of *Moscow Yankee*. . . . *Throg's Neck*, by Genevieve Taggard, is part of her new collection of poems, *Long View*, to be published in April. . . . Martin Mack's music reviews have often appeared in *NM*.

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"Poor George Viereck—he's suffering so much for the cause." Richter

THE SNARLING CLIVEDEN SET

THERE is a squirming and squealing among the Washington Cliveden set. As was to be expected, they have a rodent distaste for the light of day. And it was only the light of day that President Roosevelt thrust into the unclean underground of pro-Axis appeasement when he denounced the American counterparts of those in England who conspired with Hitler against their own nation and the whole of mankind.

By coincidence, while the President was speaking, a new issue of NEW MASSES was rolling off the press with an expose of the American Cliveden set by Bruce Minton, our Washington editor. Minton named names and told the full story of the group of appeasers and Hitler admirers who gather at the home of the ultra-wealthy Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean and connive against our country's fight for survival.

The unmasking of this fifth column clique has thrown them into a dither. The Washington *Daily News,* member of that Scripps-Howard chain which up to December 7 opposed the administration's anti-Axis policy, published a story smearing NEW MASSES. Its society editor, Evelyn Peyton Gordon, threw her protecting arms around Washington's Clivedeneers. But it remained for Eleanor Patterson's *Times-Herald* to let out the yawp that showed how badly the appeasers had been hurt. In an editorial in the February 20 issue stretching across half a page, this female Hearst fumed at the President for his blunt truths about the appeasers, poured abuse on Winston Churchill, and reviled the government's war policy.

Another Galahad to the rescue emerged in the person of Lawrence Dennis, the country's leading fascist intellectual. Commenting in his weekly letter on the NEW MASSES expose, he wrote: "The Cliveden set is not a movement. As yet, this is just a gleam in the eye—a gleam of inquiry about the war policy of the United States." This is Dennis' oblique way of hinting at the sinister potentialities of this fellowship of the socially elite and politically foul. "Just a gleam in the eye"—just a passion for intrigue and disruption, for sowing distrust toward Britain and the Soviet Union, for spreading hate against President Roosevelt. Just a gleam in the eye of Herr Goebbels?

An astonishing voice joined this pro-fascist chorus—that of the newspaper *PM.* Maybe it was the editor's day off, for even the past quixotic zigzags of this paper had not prepared us for the Washington dispatch by Kenneth G. Crawford in the February 23 issue. Crawford went out of his way to deodorize Mrs. McLean and her crowd, the sole evidence offered in refutation being the opinions of "Mrs. McLean's friends." These abject apologetics were embellished with a sycophantic, Red-baiting editorial signed by Crawford, but ghosted politically by Martin Dies. That Crawford becomes choleric at anything which he fancies smacks even faintly of Communism is well known in newspaper circles. But are there no responsible people in the *PM* office to prevent him from dragging the paper down to the Cliveden level?

As difficulties in the war against the Axis mount, the rats smell cheese. Senator Wheeler is saying: "I told you so." The New York *Daily News* is urging retreat to the Hawaiian Islands. Senators Walsh and Johnson are demanding that the Navy hug our coastlines, leaving everything else to Hitler and the Japanese. And that old admirer of the fascist way of life, William Randolph Hearst, is now crusading against American aid to Britain and Russia and in favor of a race war in Asia.

We are engaged in a struggle with a barbarous world despotism that is lunging at our country's throat. In this struggle no quarter can be expected or given, no pity shown those who aid the enemy. Abraham Lincoln jailed Copperheads and stopped their propaganda. Shall we, the heirs of his dreaming and doing, coddle treason in the very capital of the nation?

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BEHIND THE NEW BRITISH CABINET

The failure of another "Hess Mission." . . . Claude Cockburn cables the story of Sir Stafford Cripps' rise.

Forty-eight hours after Claude Cockburn cabled the story below, Prime Minister Churchill continued the shakeup of his Cabinet. Five more Ministers were ousted, among them such rock-ribbed Tories as Capt. David Margesson, Britain's "old school tie" War Minister. Others who went were Lord Moyne, Colonial Minister and leader of the House of Lords; Lieut. Col. John T. C. Moore-Brabazon, Minister of Air Production; Arthur Greenwood, Minister Without Portfolio, and Lord Reith, Minister of Works and Buildings. Margesson, Moore-Brabazon, and Greenwood had drawn much of the fire of government critics. Tradition was broken when, for the first time in British history, a civil servant, Sir James Gregg, was appointed to the Cabinet (replacing Margesson). The changes were along the lines popular pressure demanded, as Mr. Cockburn indicates.—THE EDITORS.

London (by cable), Feb. 20.

THE British have met and bested a crisis and a threat much more sinister than appeared on the surface during the past week's upheavals. That is the first point about the events leading up to the Cabinet change. That is the defensive side of the picture. The second point is that the change leaves the way open to a real move forward of the most positive kind. As to that, we shall have to wait a little while and see.

To estimate the temporary result of the government crisis, it is necessary to run quickly through its background. Here are the facts. Underlying the whole situation was the certainty that the fascist enemy would try to exploit the defeats and setbacks of the British forces as a means of splitting the Allied nations. Particularly the Axis had to do that, because it now has proof for the first time that on its essential front—the front in Russia—the Axis is in a bad way and will never regain the favorable balance in driving power it enjoyed last June. Its critical year is now—1942. That is the central essential fact which determines everything including the course of the British Cabinet crisis.

The element in the British Cabinet crisis which could only be hinted at—pretty broadly hinted at—by the government was the element introduced into it by what seems to have been a pretty desperate German "peace offensive." In other words, there is good reason to suppose that the Germans were trying once again to revive the Hess stunt. They sent Hess because they doubted if they could win in Russia without the acquiescence of Britain. And they believed, as has now been officially admitted here, that there were forces in Britain not only willing but able to secure that acquiescence. Churchill put an end to that illusion. But now the Nazis do not merely doubt whether they can beat Russia. They know that they cannot and are only in doubt as to what, if any, military and, above all, political means can be employed to prevent their own defeat by the Red Army this year.

Political means in this connection connotes, first of all, an attempt to split the United Nations and, secondly, an attempt to mobilize for action any Quisling, and above all anti-Soviet elements in Britain and America, who might be prepared to help consciously or unconsciously in impairing cooperation between the Western Powers and the Soviet Union.

Secondly, of course, the Nazis wanted to sow dissension between Britain and the United States. And, thirdly, they wanted to suggest—just as they have tried to suggest in their poisonous fashion over and over again to their intended victims—that (1) if only the "right" people in every sense of the word were in charge in London and Washington, a nice and not too painful "deal" could be accomplished; (2) they insinuated some other member of the United Nations' Front is falling for this peace offensive—either in Chungking or London or Washington—so why not get in while the going's good?

I have absolutely no doubt that the Nazis thought they had in London people on the right wing of the Conservative Party who could be used for their purposes. They could have suggested, for example, that if only the really "conservative" business interests would realize the "perils" of a Soviet victory, these could not only attain power here but attain it with the assurance of getting nice treatment from the Nazis. And maybe from the Japanese too. The old game. And it was because this game was being played that we had the extreme vigor and bitterness of Churchill's statement in his "millstone" speech and the stern warnings given in some of the newspapers here—given, but not sufficiently explained.

TO JUDGE by those newspaper warnings and by the Premier's speech, it must have been believed by those in the best position to know that the Nazis were engaged in a really serious push against the British home front. The suggestion was that there were some to whom might have been conveyed the suggestion that "if only" the government could be "reconstructed" in a manner approved by them, and by the men of Homburg, Baden-Baden, and Vichy, then "despite the victorious position of the Axis," it still might be possible to talk business. I believe that something of the kind happened. I believe that the Nazis for all their intelligence service are as ill informed about what can and cannot be successfully accomplished here as they were when Hess arrived.

Talking with the editor of an influential newspaper here the other day, I was informed that this sort of danger simply could not exist because even the vilest of British or American Petains could not hope to "deal" with the Axis at its present state of "victory." The answer is that on its essential front the Axis is being grindingly, inexorably, and swiftly weakened. And it is true too that there are elements here and, it would seem, still more such elements in America, who are really "alarmed" by the fact that by virtue of the mighty Red Army there is the real prospect of the total defeat and destruction of fascism in Europe this year. For that is the central fact. That is the fact which dominates everything. It is the fact that the Soviet Union has dealt Hitler a staggering blow, and that if only the peoples of Britain and America will exert themselves to the utmost on the essential fronts, then the victory can come with a swiftness and a completeness that will stagger the sceptics and totally confound the defeatists.

So that is the background against which was played the drama of the British Cabinet crisis. To the extent that the defeatists and the Nazi plotters were defeated, the partial solution of the crisis has to be accounted a real victory. In detail the affair is less easy to sort out. Lord Beaverbrook is a serious loss. It is a pity that the "old gang" of the steel and metal interests who put Duncan into the Ministry of Supply have now also got Captain Lyttelton into the War Cabinet in a bigger and better job. The "old gang" were dead set against Beaverbrook, and they have had their way so far as personnel is concerned.

LLOYD GEORGE is telling everyone that "the difference between me and Winston is that whereas I used to listen to everyone and then do the opposite of what they wanted, Winston listens to no one and then does what they all want." That sums up pretty well the decisions which have resulted in the removal of Beaverbrook on the one hand and the appointment of Cripps to the Cabinet on the other. There is no doubt at all that the Cripps appointment will have a tonic effect upon the mass of the people. And the two things together represent a genuine attempt by the Premier—acting it may be said under firmly democratic advice from Buckingham Palace—to carry out at least some of the conflicting demands made upon him.

The attitude of the public was very well summed up last week by Harry Pollitt in a statement on behalf of the Communist Party. The reconstruction, said Pollitt, "will be welcomed by public opinion only as the first step towards strengthening the government for the more effective conduct of the war against fas-

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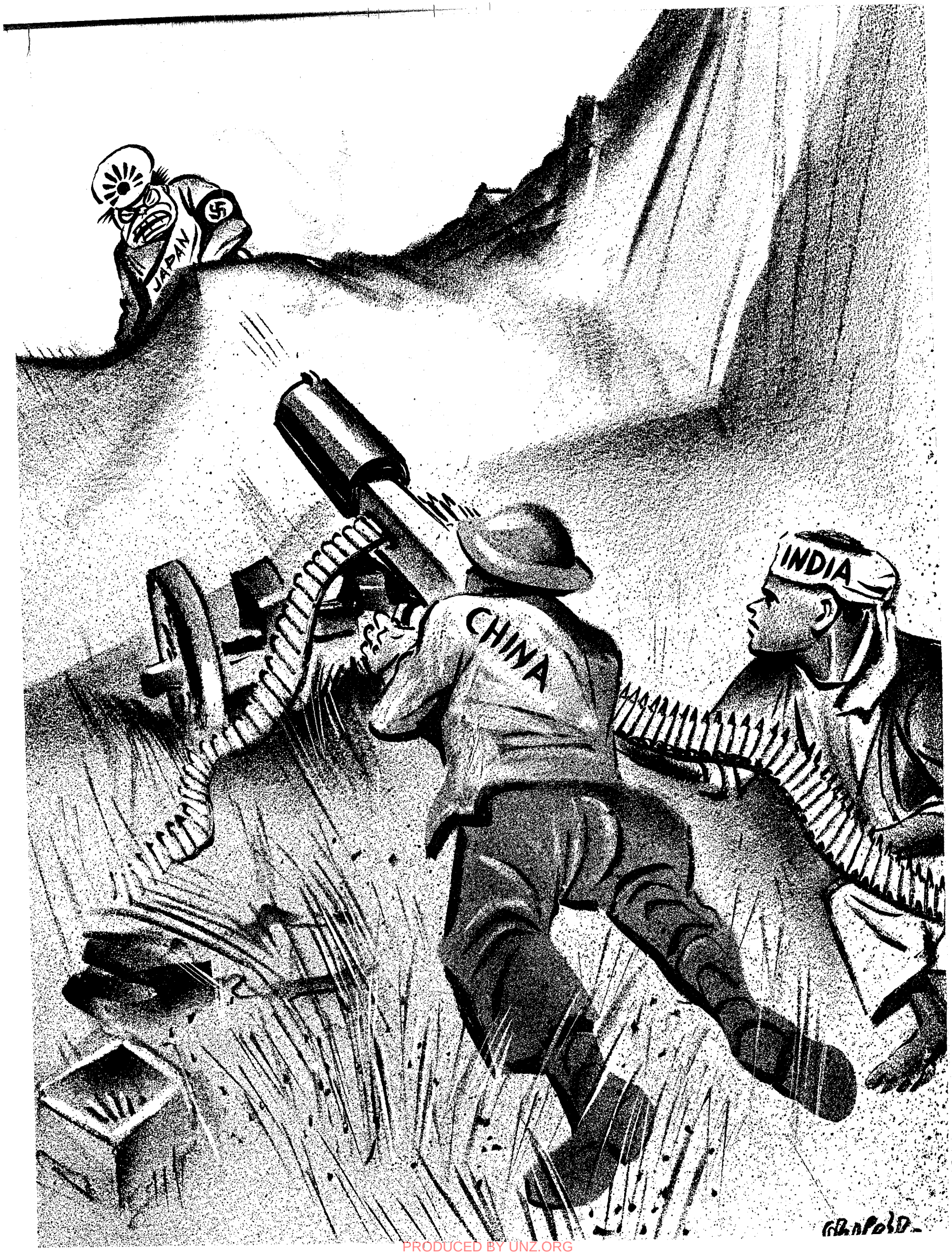

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cism. The new War Cabinet will be judged entirely by the character of its positive policy and above all by the way it works to achieve the unity of strategy and resources of Great Britain and the Soviet Union with the aim of defeating Hitler this year. The Communist Party will support all necessary measures brought forward by the new War Cabinet to achieve this purpose and at the same time will insistently demand the opening of the second front in Europe, and drastic reorganization of war production under the direction of a Ministry not in any way influenced by considerations of monopolist policy."

FRANK OWEN, the lively fighting editor of Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard,* wrote a piece last week on the Cripps "myth." He emphasized he was using "myth" in the strict sense. He suggested that Sir Stafford Cripps is possibly the only person in England, apart from Winston Churchill, who has a real political "myth" to play about with. That's a fact. Six months ago it would have been absurd to list anyone in Britain alongside Churchill in the Churchillian class of political heroes. Certain it is that Sir Stafford is in it. Cripps' name stops a meeting with the cheers that it evokes. Interviewers besiege Cripps asking him what he is going to do next. To which he replies that the Russians are doing a magnificent job and that the people in Britain ought to pull their socks up.

Now the basis of the Cripps "myth" (and I too am using the phrase in its strict sense) is not hard to find. We had better start with a fact that is melancholy but understandable and true. It is the lack of self-confidence which for years afflicted very considerable sections of the British working class. Cramming—at the risk of gross oversimplification—much history into few words, you could say that people looked at the Tories and saw what they were up to; they looked at the Social-Democratic policy from the general strike to the Spanish war and saw where that was not getting them; they saw what happened to some of the leadership of the Labor Party and the trade union movement, and they began to have a special sort of enthusiasm reserved for brilliant, successful intellectuals whose brains were earning them tens of thousands per year in the open market and whose hearts were nevertheless in the right place. (And do not forget that after one of the greatest mine disasters in British history, Sir Stafford Cripps gave his services free to the miners at the inquiry and turned a routine investigation into something that really did result in some important improvements in miners' conditions.)

Then the period of the Popular Front. Cripps bucked the Labor Party machine on that. And every man and woman who felt the urgency of the struggle in France, the struggle in Spain, and the need to get united, progressive action in Britain then, rejoiced that this brilliant, warmhearted lawyer should have overcome his prejudices to the extent of associating with Communists. Cripps was expelled from the Labor Party. At that moment he

Sir Stafford Cripps

lost an important opportunity. At the conference which expelled him, he failed to make any real appeal to the masses of the country. He contented himself with a bitterly clever, lawyerlike speech which would have cut a lot of ice in a debating society but was of very little use anywhere else. To that extent Cripps was still the brilliant intellectual—maybe more interested in scoring a good logical point than in the slippery in-fighting of a Labor Conference. In the period that followed, the political leader on the left was D. N. Pritt, KC.

WHEN war broke out, Cripps retired from the dangerous rough and tumble of British political life to undertake a series of governmental missions abroad. It is no blame to Cripps that some of the oldtime militants compared this somewhat unfavorably with the attitude of Pritt who remained fighting hard in Britain and actually exercised through his writings a powerful influence for good upon British public opinion—above all towards Soviet Russia. The weekly newspaper, the *Tribune,* owned by Cripps, was at that time engaged in "deploring" and "viewing with alarm" the Red Army's battering of Finland's fascist Mannerheim. It's true—and it's perhaps fairly characteristic—Cripps disclaimed, privately, responsibility for his paper's policy since he was not in London to direct it. Pritt, on the other hand, kept up a volume of attack upon the Finnish fascists and their backers in Britain, and presented a volume of facts showing the correctness of the Soviet's action which, strange as it seems looking back, resulted in his expulsion from the Labor Party too.

During that period Cripps was in eclipse, quite deliberately as I have some reason to believe, so far as the British working class movement was concerned. And then came the Moscow Embassy, which is the real explanation of the standing of Cripps in this country today. Because of the earlier factors I have mentioned, the British public saw Cripps as the crusading answer to all the bungling and sabotage that had lost us the possibility of alliance with Soviet Russia in the past. There was a time when Pritt publicly begged Cripps in a sort of open letter to quit Moscow and come back home lest he be utilized as a stooge by anti-Soviet interests who were prepared to exploit his popularity with the British left. Cripps remained in Moscow. And then when Hitler launched his attack and Churchill proclaimed the Anglo-Soviet alliance at last, it was but natural that people should declare that Cripps was the architect of this alliance.

I have reported before that the real significance of Cripps' mighty popularity here today is not so much dependent upon Cripps' own qualities, which are great, upon his brilliance which is prodigious, or his honest interest in seeking to further the cause of progress in Britain. But it is based upon the fact that he happens to represent in the mind of the majority of people in Britain the "tendency" toward alliance with the Soviet Union—the alliance which is now the central and all-important factor of our whole situation. In other words, the popularity of Cripps is the personal measure of the deep understanding by the British people that we stand or fall by the alliance with the Soviet Union. It is the expression of the deep hope of the British people which sees in that alliance the only guarantee of a tolerable and even a magnificent future. People think that Cripps was one of those who alone declared that the Soviet Union could hold and defeat the German army. It is not true. They think that it was he who made possible the decisive Moscow visit of Beaverbrook. It is not true, either. And it does not matter.

WHAT MATTERS is that Cripps' popularity does in fact make it clear for all to see the way people here feel about the Soviet Union and the great alliance. Since his return from the Soviet Union, Cripps' public speeches have been of the greatest authority and value. I do not know, but I think it possible, that a realization of some of his own inevitable miscalculations about the Soviet Union in the past may have brought Cripps to a new political stature—and to a new and perhaps humbler understanding of the new society. However that may be, it is unquestionable that at this juncture he holds in his hand immense power for good in this country and in this country's war effort. He will have to face, of course, the most bitter hostility from the extreme right, and a pile of almost equally bitter jealousy within the hierarchy of the Labor Party. There are those in that hierarchy who can never forget or forgive the fact—and it is the big fact about Cripps—that he did after all risk and face expulsion by the mugwumps of that party in the cause of united democratic action in Britain. CLAUDE COCKBURN.

What have you done this week to obtain Earl Browder's freedom?

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WE SAW JAPAN

Three travelers from the Far East describe what they discovered in the Mikado's empire. Japan will not fall of her own weight. The impressions of H. J. Timperley, Leane Zugsmith, Carl Randau.

Family scene in Nanking: Japan extends her co-prosperity sphere.

How strong is Japan? What are the compulsions that drive a nation into aggressive militarism? These, and other questions were discussed recently at a foreign correspondents' forum under the auspices of the American Friends of the Chinese People. NEW MASSES *is glad to reproduce here, with consent of the participants, three of the addresses delivered at the forum. They are by H. J. Timperley, former Far Eastern correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, and author of Japanese Terror in China; Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith, special writers for PM, who have just completed a book, The Setting Sun of Japan.*

IN NOVEMBER, only a few weeks before Pearl Harbor, I arrived in Los Angeles after a trip of seven months to Japan and through the countries Japan would like to control. The first friend I met after getting off the boat asked:

"How do the Japanese manage to stand up? Everyone says they are bogged down in China. I can't see what holds them together. What is the trick?"

Similar questions indicated a widespread belief that Japan was weak. Even among the military experts there was a tendency to underestimate Japan's power. And by now it is apparent that Japan was successful in exploiting an almost universal belief that she had become hopelessly enmeshed in China. Her skillful use of the China war as a cloak for new military preparations may yet rank as one of the most effective deceptions in history.

But it is a deception from which Japan will have to collect all her benefits in a hurry. She has now been cut off from her greatest source of supplies—the United States. We not only supplied her with oil and cotton for her immense reserves and with scrap iron for her steel mills, but we supplied her also with our finished manufactures. When I traveled by plane in Japan or in occupied China, I traveled in American-made Douglas planes; when I rode in a taxicab in Japan or in a Japanese staff car in China, I rode in a car from Detroit; and the army trucks I passed on the roads in China and in Indo-China had been shipped direct from the United States.

Those supplies and those machines will be used up or worn out, and then Japan will for the first time be dependent on her own industrial production. She has great mills, great shipyards and great beltline factories. But just how efficient these are, just what their output may be, is known only to her own top leaders. Since 1937 it has been illegal in Japan to publish any figures on industrial production, on agricultural production, on military mobilization, or on imports of oil, scrap iron, tin plate, rubber, hemp, or machinery.

Even mechanics sent to Japan by American companies to install machinery purchased here saw nothing of the factories into which were placed their machines. I talked to a group of American engineers who had been in Japan nearly six months completing a job they had expected to finish in six weeks. For two months they had not even been permitted to approach the factory where they were to install the new equipment. When they were finally admitted, they found themselves hemmed in by newly constructed three-story wooden walls which hid everything in the mill except the machinery they were working on. Because of such handicaps we in this country were poorly informed of Japan's war reserves.

But we were but little better informed of the size and training of her army. Even the Japanese residents of Tokyo did not know how large an army was being trained, nor how the draft laws were applied. But we do know Japan's potential military strength, and it is tremendous.

Each year 625,000 Japanese boys reach the military age of seventeen. That is two-thirds as many as in each age group in the United States. Of each Japanese class of 625,000, more than 400,000 are declared fit for military service. Another 185,000 are found fit for non-military duties, and only about 35,000 are wholly unfit. The Japanese are not a run-down race of weaklings, as they have too often been pictured.

Recently the regulations governing military service have been somewhat relaxed, but even so a high standard is maintained. This compares well with our own with the possible exception of height of soldiers. Formerly, no soldier could be less than four feet, eleven inches. The average was five feet, three inches. Now these regulations have been removed.

Also the military service law has been extended to cover more age groups. Formerly it embraced all from seventeen to forty. Now the top limit runs into the fifties. If each of the classes from seventeen to forty had produced 400,000 soldiers, you see that Japan could have an army of more than 9,000,000. But that would have meant stripping the factories. However, the nearly 4,000,000 found unfit for military service have to a great extent been placed in factories. Women, too, have been drawn into the mills and factories.

These figures take into account only the manpower of Japan proper. There are, in addition, the 30,000,000 Japanese subjects in Korea and Manchuria—30,000,000 people impressed into service in the mills, factories and mines, and on the immense farm areas.

Not all the potential strength had been mobilized when I was there, and the draft law was very unevenly applied. In some rural areas there were no males except boys and old men, while in the cities many able-bodied men were doing non-military work—waiting on tables, clerking in stores, operating cabs. The army has found the country boys far more amenable to discipline. But with the whipping up of patriotism and the cutting off of all news but of Japan's victories, it is now undoubtedly becoming easier than formerly to control the city boys and men—to make them, too, bow quickly to military discipline.

If we underestimate the Japanese problem, and permit Japan to acquire the immense supplies of the Indies, we will have given her an opportunity to substitute these supplies for

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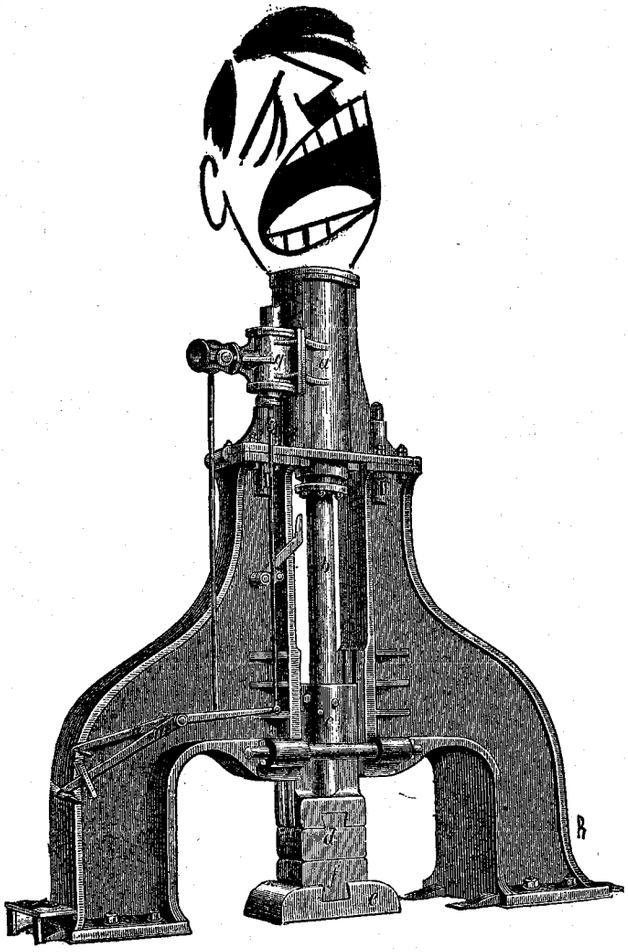
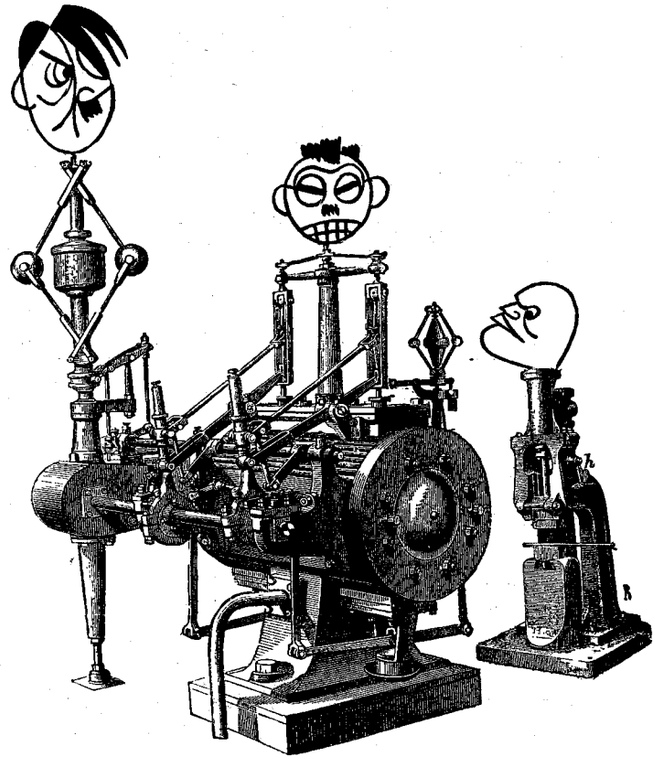


Left, "Victory" Speech, June 1941

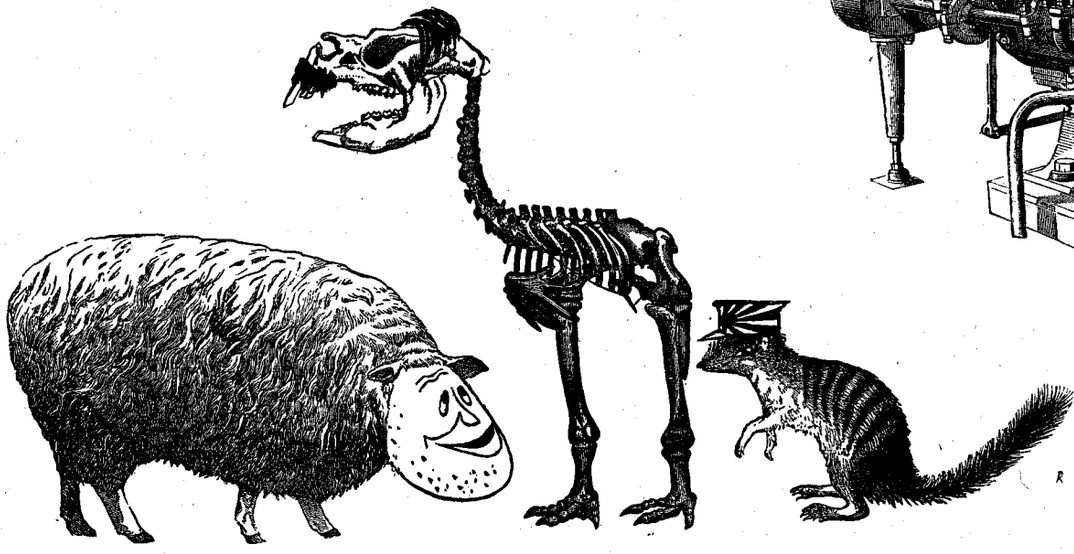
Above, Der Fuehrer, January 1942

Four Moods of Der Fuehrer

(An adaptation of last century technique to contemporary ideas by Ad Reinhardt)



Above, the Axis today



Left, the Axis looking around for a "peace" nibble.

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those she formerly obtained from us. Japan has coal and iron in Manchuria. She has stored great supplies of cotton and oil. If the minerals, the rubber, the hemp, and the tin of the Indies are added to these reserves, her industrial machine will be able to continue in full operation far too long.

The vulnerability of Japan's cities and industrial areas to bombing attacks has been a favorite subject of argument. My observation inclines me to agree with those who think air attacks can be so effective that Japan will be industrially crippled. But it will require bombing raids on a scale far greater than the raids of Germany on England. Japan's cities —Tokyo, Yokohama, Osaka, and the others— are as unprotected against incendiary bombs as the most lurid accounts make out, and the factories are to a very great extent huddled together in a limited area.

A dispersal program has long been under way, and thousands of small factories are in existence, but the great bulk of all industrial output still comes from a relatively few plants in a small area—an area easily accessible to bombers from Vladivostok. But hit and run raids would serve no purpose whatever. That we have learned from bombing raids in other parts of the world. Japan's industry can be destroyed from the air, but only by an air force—or a combination of air forces—that can overcome a large reserve of air power within Japan and a very considerable anti-aircraft protection.

Though many persons in the United States have been shocked to learn during the past two months of Japan's industrial power, there is no reason to swing to an opposite extreme and regard Japan as invincible. Japan's militarists know they are playing for everything or nothing, and that they have but little time in which to complete their great gamble.

Their gamble will collapse quickly if we prevent them from seizing all of their objectives, but even should they gain momentary successes in the South Pacific, they can never for long hold those gains. The tide is for the moment running with Japan. But the tide will turn, and once it turns, Japan's sun will set even more abruptly than it rose.

CARL RANDAU.

The Cost Rises

FIGHTING in the southwestern Pacific is reaching its crescendo, as the Japanese pincers close in on the island of Java. And yet it is clear that the Japanese are meeting some of the stiffest resistance and paying the highest cost for advances in all the thirteen weeks of the war. In southern Sumatra, for example, where the Japanese landed while Singapore was falling, the invaders have at last met a real scorched earth policy. The huge and valuable oil deposits wells at Palembang were blown up; railway lines leading to the eastern end of Sumatra have been destroyed, all of which delays and complicates the drive against Java.

At the other end, around the famous island of Bali, the Japanese suffered the destruction of their expeditionary fleet; they took the air field and main base, but only at a price as high as they paid at the Macassar Straits. Here, as in the Macassar battle, American naval vessels and aircraft have played a notable part, a forerunner of what they can do when they reach parity with the enemy, and better.

On other fronts, the balance is more in Japan's favor: the Australians are having a tough time holding Port Darwin on their northwestern coast; the same is true of Port Moresby which controls the Straits of Torres; in Burma, despite heavy Chinese assaults toward Thailand, the situation is deteriorating, as the Japanese continue to make Rangoon untenable.

But the struggle for Java is not going to be easy for Japan; the island is more developed industrially than the rest of the southwestern Pacific with the exception of Australia; up to 100,000 Dutch troops are awaiting the blow, and there are millions of the 46,000,000 Javanese who can, by guerrilla operations, force the Japanese to pay a terrific price for their advances. If the time gained is properly utilized for the mobilization of India, for the provisioning of China and Australia—and if, simultaneously, Hitler is squeezed on the Continent, Japan can still be forced to a halt.

LAST spring and summer enough Japanese quietly confessed their doubts about the success of the government's crusade for a new order, so that we felt justified in believing that more were weary of the continuing war in China and the increasing privations at home. But even those, we also felt, were not prepared to defy the emperor or a government or army that he sponsors.

"Life is hard," they said over and over again. "It's always been hard, though. We are accustomed to living in a different way from you."

In the national crisis, that has deepened each year for at least five, the Japanese are not allowed to complain. Their religion, Shintoism, and their creed, Bushido, had schooled them in submission. As Shintoists they are all one family, descended from the gods. Their ancestors are gods to whom they pray and talk when they kneel at the shrine that is in every home, even on every warship. This profound faith is supplemented by Bushido, the way of the warrior: don't question, conform, be obedient, be loyal. The principles of both Shintoism and Bushido are concisely expressed in the last lines of the Imperial Prescript on Education, which is drilled into all Japanese school children: "Should emergency arise, offer yourselves courageously to the State, and thus guard and maintain the prosperity of our Imperial Throne, coeval with heaven and earth."

THE EMPEROR is a direct descendant of the gods; most of the rest of poor relations. He is the gods' "walking delegate." And the Imperial Prescript is held in such sanctity that one class of schoolboys assaulted an American teacher who innocently read these commandments without mounting to the top step of the schoolroom platform.

The same students—in fact, all spectators at sports—can be as docile as birds. We watched them at a baseball game on Sunday afternoon in Tokyo. We watched the teams start out with formal bows in the direction of the Emperor's Palace, and then to each other. At the end of the game, they again formed two lines and bowed to each other.

The batboy always tipped his cap when he recovered a ball. The audience never grumbled at the umpire's decisions. Until the Japanese people are mad enough and roused enough to "Kill the Ump," they are not likely to defy their government.

FOR A PERIOD, there were wage-earners and students and intellectuals roused enough by their living and working conditions to organize for improvements. Every time any of their organizations showed any strength, the government raided them and revised its Peace Preservations laws. The laws are by now almost a complete penal code in themselves and virtually any Japanese could be accused of violating one of its loose provisions. It was impossible to get a census of "Dangerous Thoughts" prisoners who received the death penalty or who were killed by accident. It was even harder to estimate the multitude whose Dangerous Thoughts robbed them of a chance to earn a living. The government occasionally gave a pleased nod in the direction of a converted Thought prisoner and ostentatiously restored to him the right to earn a livelihood.

So you could learn in Tokyo that Justice Minister Akira Kazami recently brushed a frontispiece for Shonin Kangen or the Saint's Expostulation by Mr. Genkichi Hosoda, former Leftist writer who was converted to nationalism five years ago.

"Arrested in one of the roundups of Red elements since 1931, he was converted to nationalism while under examination," they said. "He became more deeply confirmed in his new faith when he suffered from a serious illness in 1935." (You can bet he did!)

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"Afterward he ceased to write and made an itinerary of the country's Sen sect temples to meditate. Last fall, Mr. Hosoda was deeply impressed by a lecture on national policy by Dr. Kiyoshi Kiraizumi, professor of national history at Tokyo Imperial University, sponsored by the Tokyo Institute for Protective Observation of Former Ideological Offenders."

Hosoda was encouraged to write his new play by the director of that institute and by the director of the Protection Bureau of the Justice Ministry—the literateurs of present-day Japan. He issued a public statement—"I made a serious mistake in the past," he said. Then he thanked his literary advisers because, due to them: "I am now allowed to live as an ordinary Japanese citizen."

THERE was a period when Japan printed figures on arrests for "Criminal Thought Offenses," acknowledging 60,000 between the years of 1928 to 1937. Since the China War, the government has been mute. We were told that the arrests had sharply mounted. We met a few men and one woman who had spent months in jail, some of them did not yet know the real reason and all of them, of course, were lucky enough to be released and still to be whole.

It was not easy to meet them. It was difficult for any Japanese—except certain government and newspaper people—when they were seen talking to foreigners. And it was especially dangerous for Japanese who were already under suspicion. After some weeks of negotiations, a student was able to arrange a promised meeting for us with a mechanic who had once belonged to Japan's Proletar-Party which lived a brief time before it was dissolved, together with the All-Japan Council of Trade Unions, in December 1937.

For the early part of the evening the mechanic was circumspect. "Yes, the government clamped down on both organizations on the ground that they really aimed to establish an anti-fascist front," he finally said.

"Next year, the Patriotic Industrial Association was formed, with the Home and Welfare departments of the government doing the organizing. I belong to it," he said and became silent.

After a time he rejoined the conversation and when he spoke, his voice sounded irritable and defensive. "There are uniformed police, detectives, and army gendarmes at all meetings of any kind," he said. "You must already know by now that to hold any kind of meeting, a police permit is necessary. The police must know the cost of the hall, the object of the meeting, the wording of the speeches, everything you can imagine. No one in the audience can speak. No one on the platform could answer a spontaneous question, if it was allowed because only addresses that have been passed by the police are allowed."

We asked him if it was ever possible to hold meetings without police knowledge and he answered: "I did not want to meet you for a number of reasons. One of them is that I will surely be questioned by the police as to why I speak to foreigners because some one will surely report me." Then he looked at the student and the student looked down at his cigarette.

So the mechanic said: "With all the handicaps, a few who are out of sympathy with the government's foreign and domestic policies manage to see one another. More than a few people, a few groups. Unfortunately, they are isolated from each other."

We asked him if he thought there was any chance of such groups federating to protest against continuing the war in China.

He said: "Not today."

"And if there is war with the United States?"

"Not yet." He shook his head. "Not tomorrow morning."

I think that any future revolt within Japan depends on men like him and that they would surely say now, while Japan is enjoying initial triumphs, that the time is not ripe, it is not tomorrow morning. LEANE ZUGSMITH.

IN CONSIDERING the underlying causes of Japan's imperialistic drive, which has precipitated the battle for the Pacific, it is well to remember those deep-rooted ideological or psychological forces which have been working in the veins of the Japanese—not merely for generations, but for centuries past.

The popular idea, carefully nurtured by astute Japanese publicists and their friends in this and other countries, that Japan has been forced into aggression by "economic necessity" and a general conspiracy on the part of the other powers to do her down, does not stand up under analysis.

It is probably true, that in modern times the inequalities and maladjustments of the Japanese economic setup—the feudal landlordism, the manipulation of industry by the militarists, the concentration of capital and hence of financial power in the hands of a few wealthy families—have been accentuated by the pressure of world conditions. But it isn't by any means the whole story.

The fact is that Japan had formulated imperialistic ideas long before she became industrialized and had to seek out raw materials and markets abroad.

MANY OF YOU will be familiar with Hideyoshi's attempt to establish a new order on the Asiatic mainland at the end of the sixteenth century. It is not generally realized, however, that his plans went far beyond the conquest of Korea and China. We have it on the authority of the late Prof. Yoshi S. Kuno, author of *Japanese Expansion on the Asiatic Continent,* that the Japanese Napoleon's aim "was to create a great Asiatic empire, including China, Japan, Korea, India, Persia, and such other Asiatic nations as were known to the Japanese in those days, as well as all the islands near the continent, such as the Liu Chiu, Formosa, the Philippines, and other islands in the South Sea."

Hideyoshi was unable to realize his dream. And when the Tokugawas took over the helm they sealed up Japan to foreign intercourse except under strict regulation. The prevailing notion that Japan dreamed her way peacefully through the two and a half centuries of comparative seclusion until rudely awakened by Commodore Perry and his Black Ships in about 1850 is far from the truth, however. Nearly all the way through—certainly for the second half of the period—one finds Japanese philosophers and scholars preaching vigorously the idea of Japan's "manifest destiny" as the ruler of the world.

HISTORY also reveals that a "totalitarianism" far more efficient than anything Hitler or Mussolini have been able to achieve has existed in Japan for at least three centuries. Mr. Shunjii Toyama, a Japanese writer now living in the United States who was formerly a government official in Japan, tells us how the life of the Japanese was minutely defined and regulated from birth to death. "There were laws governing the number and kinds of presents that could be given at childbirth, the toys that could be given to a child, the material and color of clothing worn, the type and quantity of food consumed, the appearance and style of dwellings, the articles of furniture that could be used, the cost of weddings and festivals, the quality of ornaments worn, and the very manner of burial."

The Japanese rather plume themselves upon the fact that their totalitarianism pre-dates that of Germany and Italy. Listen to Mr. Toshio Shiratori, formerly Japanese Ambassador to Rome, in a magazine article published a couple of years ago. "It makes our hearts warm," he wrote, "to see ideas that have influenced our races for centuries in the past embodied in the systems of these modern states of Europe."

Successive generations of Japanese have been brought up to believe that to live—and, still better, to die—for the Mikado is the very essence and end of life. Substitute "state" for "emperor" and *Yamato Damashii,* or the Spirit of Japan, becomes almost undistinguishable from the Nazi creed.

As Hitler has done so successfully in Germany, Japan's military leaders have capitalized upon the Japanese strain of ill-defined mysticism—a blind faith fed on high-sounding phrases about Japan's mission, Japan's destiny, etc., which thrives on blind obedience to blind doctrines. This is perhaps the only charitable explanation of the otherwise inexplicable bestialities committed by the Japanese in their war on China—the ruthless bombing of defenseless cities, the wounding, rape, and murder of innocent civilians, and, still worse, the poisoning of large sections of the Chinese by introducing narcotics.

We must look for a widespread extension of this kind of thing in the Philippines, in Burma, in the Dutch East Indies, in India and elsewhere if Japan is successful in the Pacific struggle. And that is one important reason among many why we must see to it that she does not succeed. H. J. TIMPERLEY.

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OLD TRICKS BY OLD TORIES

The man who waited for a "decent interval." Bruce Minton puts the spotlight on the band of legislators who refuse to understand the demands of this war. The danger of appeasing the appeasers.

Washington.

BACK in November, Sen. Millard Tydings of Maryland was making a great deal of noise condemning labor. At the time NEW MASSES remarked that the senator's excitement "in less polite language, is called 'blackmail.'" From Washington, I wrote, "So long as the labor movement was not dealt with sternly, he [Senator Tydings] could not see his way clear to favoring any further action by this country against the Hitler menace." And further, Tydings and those like him in the House and Senate, "are alarmed by the prospect of a just war against German fascism."

Since then America's complete entry into the just war has not been sufficient to persuade the reactionary bloc in Congress, with Tydings still in the forefront, to change its ways. After what is evidently considered a "decent" interval since Pearl Harbor, the same handful of disgruntled men are doing their best to impede the war effort. Of course, they wrap themselves snugly in the flag before they speak, and they try never, never to reveal their true motives. But this group hungrily attacked Mrs. Roosevelt because of Melvyn Douglas and Mayris Chaney, with the real objective of destroying the Office of Civilian Defense. Senator Tydings has popped back into the limelight with the statement that James M. Landis, new head of OCD, is totally "unfit"; Tydings has done his best to undermine morale by groaning in anticipation over the postwar tax burden; and the senator has denounced "defense strikes" and labor, though no such strikes have occurred, and though he is well aware that labor has waived its right to strike during the war period. Worst of all Tydings and those like him hold up the President's bill for unemployment compensation to those made jobless because of priorities and conversion.

In the face of this attack the overwhelming majority pledged to the most vigorous prosecution of the war against the Axis cannot afford to remain quiet. President Roosevelt has given strong leadership by pressing for his bill for unemployment compensation, by defending the Farm Security Administration's policy of making loans to southern citizens, and by his angry blast against Washington's "Cliveden set," responsible for defeatist rumors and stories helpful to the enemy (see NEW MASSES, February 24). Unfortunately certain administration leaders fail to stand up under the pressure from the extreme right; some heads of departments try to "appease" the disrupters in Congress—and therefore indirectly give aid to those who seek to obstruct the war effort. It is easy enough to perceive the ends pursued by the appeasers and the ultra-reactionaries; it is not so easy to comprehend the thinking of those with liberal backgrounds who play into the hands of their enemies.

AS CHIEF of the Office of Price Administration Leon Henderson's timidity has certainly not endeared him to the group which slandered him during the debate over the price control bill. But the price administrator's almost willing retreat in anticipation of criticism undoubtedly gives comfort to his enemies. For Henderson to all appearances does not grasp the fact that his backtracking only encourages reaction to new assaults against OPA—and therefore against the administration.

Henderson's job is simply to regulate prices and to control the distribution of supplies through rationing. At best, Henderson has failed to keep price levels within reasonable bounds. He has followed a consistent—and discouraging—pattern: the industrialist or manufacturer announces a huge price increase; Henderson issues an aggressive demand that such increases be postponed until his office investigates all circumstances; the investigation is held with undue lack of publicity, almost behind locked doors; and within a month, Henderson issues a polite statement praising the company in question for complying with the OPA delaying order, and granting the full price increase.

These increases have been permitted not only in a few instances, but in almost every case brought before the OPA. Potash, zinc, lead, copper, lumber, plastics, are only examples.

The need of reasonable ceilings on prices is pressing. Ceilings are intended to prevent war profiteering, and to maintain living costs within reach of the average consumer. Yet the cost of consumer products skyrockets almost by the hour, and Henderson's office makes no attempt—because the OPA shrinks from reactionary criticism—to prevent swollen profits.

Instead of doing the job for which it was established, the OPA is now inclined to take the position that higher wages will cause "inflation." Not so long ago, both Henderson and Isadore Lubin, US Commissioner of Labor Statistics, disproved this fantastic charge. In fact, by opposing reactionary attempts to include a wage-freezing provision in the price control bill, the administration successfully made the point that increases in wages "have not been responsible for most of the price increases that have occurred; prices advanced most for commodities least affected by labor costs." Moreover, productivity of workers has increased so much that "the increases in earnings [of workers] have been offset almost by the increased amount of goods a man turns out in one hour."

But having formerly established a position, Henderson now blandly reverses himself. Instead of attempting to correct the disproportion between wage earnings and consumer prices, Henderson spends his efforts on memoranda to the President arguing against any rise in wage rates.

More, Henderson is now quietly sending a committee to investigate conditions in Canada, to learn the workings of Canada's wage-fixing laws. Once again, this contradicts Henderson's former fight against all attempts to freeze wages. It is a serious error to look for precedents in the Canadian government whose labor policies are notorious, instead of being guided by British practice, for example, where labor participates in the war government, and where wage freezing has been rejected.

The present tendencies of OPA only succeed in doing a disservice to the administration. For Henderson's retreat tends to lower the living standards necessary for maximum production, weakens the nation's morale, retards the emergence of the political conditions essential for victory. Henderson is a man of great energy and considerable abilities. It is to be hoped that he will utilize them more constructively and cease playing into the hands of those who are only too eager to create disunity.

BRUCE MINTON.

Have you organized a Free Earl Browder meeting in your community?

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SHELTER

She took the boy into her home to keep him out of the Gestapo's clutches. But her husband. . . . A short story about Paris under the swastika by Anna Seghers.

It was a morning in September 1940. On Place de la Concorde in Paris the largest swastika flag in any of the German-occupied countries flapped in the wind. The lines on the sidewalks before the shops extended as far as the eye could see. A woman named Louise Meunier, a machinist's wife and mother of three children, had just learned that there were eggs for sale in a store in the Fourteenth District. She quickly got ready, stayed in line an hour, and received five eggs, one for each member of her family. Then she suddenly realized that a school chum, Annette Villard, worked as a chambermaid in a hotel on the same street. She visited Annette and found that usually calm and orderly person in a strangely excited state.

Annette was washing windows and wash basins. Louise lent a helping hand and listened as her friend told how yesterday at noon the Gestapo had arrested a guest who had registered at the hotel as an Alsatian but who, it later turned out, had escaped from a German concentration camp several years before. The guest (Annette continued to scour the window pane as she talked) had been taken to Sante Prison. From there he would be shipped to Germany and probably put up against a wall and shot. But after all, war was war, wasn't it? Something else concerned her much more deeply: the guest's son. The German had a child, a twelve-year-old boy who shared the room with him. The lad attended school and spoke French like a native. His mother was dead. There was something mysterious in the family relationship, as was often the case with foreigners.

The child, returning from school, learned of his father's arrest. He remained mute, without a tear. But when the Gestapo agent ordered him to pack his things and get ready to leave the next day for Germany where he would rejoin his relatives, he cried out passionately in a loud voice that he would throw himself under a passing truck rather than go back to that family. The Gestapo agent retorted curtly that it was not a question of going back or not going back—either he went back to his relatives or into a reform school.

The boy trusted Annette. That night he had sought her help. Early in the morning she had taken him to a small cafe, the proprietor of which was her friend. Now he was sitting there and waiting. She had thought that it would be easy to find shelter for the boy. But so far she had received only "no" for an answer. People were too frightened. The wife of the cafe owner feared the Germans and was annoyed at the youngster's presence.

Louise listened in silence to Annette's story. When it was finished, she said: "I'd like to see a boy like that." Annette named the cafe and added: "Perhaps you wouldn't be afraid to bring the kid some clean clothing?"

Louise presented herself to the cafe proprietor with a note from Annette. He led her into a billiard room which he kept locked during morning hours. The boy was sitting there, looking into the court yard. He was the same size as her eldest son, dressed in the same way. He had grey eyes. There was nothing in his manner which stamped him as the son of a foreigner. Mrs. Meunier explained that she was bringing him clean clothes. He did not thank her, but suddenly looked sharply into her eyes. Louise had always been a mother like every other mother: she had taken for granted that she had to stand in line, that she had to make a little go a long way, that she had to do factory home work in addition to her regular housework. Now, under the boy's gaze, her capacity for work multiplied. With it rose the measure of her strength. She said: "To-night at seven, be at the Cafe Biard near the Municipal Market."

She returned home quickly. To prepare anything like a presentable meal required a long time in the kitchen. Her husband was already at home. For a year he had lain in the Maginot Line. Three weeks ago he had been demobilized, a week ago he had resumed his trade. He worked half days and spent most of his free time in bars. Then he would return home furious with himself for having left most of the few pennies he had at the bar.

Today, his wife, too excited to observe his face, began to tell him the story as she beat some eggs. When she reached the point at which the refugee boy had run away from the hotel in order to escape from the Germans, he interrupted her irately: "Your friend Annette was stupid to get mixed up in such nonsense. If I had been she, I would have locked the boy up. Let the German deal with his countrymen himself. . . . Anyhow, he probably never did take care of his child. And the officer's right, too, in sending the kid home. Hitler has occupied the whole world. What good are phrases against that?"

His wife was clever enough to change the subject quickly. For the first time she saw clearly in her heart what had become of her husband. Formerly he had participated in every strike, in every demonstration; on July 14 he had always marched as if all alone he were ready to storm the Bastille again. But like so many others, he reminded her of that giant in the fairytale, who always went over to the one who seemed stronger and proved stronger than his former master; so that finally he ended with the devil. But Mrs. Meunier had neither time nor inclination for mourning. After all, he was her husband and she was his wife; and after all, the refugee youth was waiting for her.

That evening she ran over to the cafe near the Municipal Market and told the boy: "I can't take you to my house before tomorrow."

Again the twelve-year-old looked sharply at her and answered: "You don't have to take me if you're afraid." The woman replied dryly that it was only a question of waiting a day more. She asked the proprietor's wife to keep the child overnight, explaining that he was related to her. There was nothing unusual in this request, for all Paris was swarming with refugees.

The next day she informed her husband: "I met my cousin Alice. Her husband is in Pithiviers, in the prison hospital. She wants to visit him for a couple of days. So she asked me to take her child in." Her husband, who could not stand strangers in his own house, retorted: "Just see that it doesn't become a permanent thing!"

Mrs. Meunier prepared a mattress for the child. On the way home she asked him: "Why don't you want to go back?" He answered: "You can still leave me here if you're afraid. But I'll never go back to my relatives. My mother and father were both arrested by Hitler. They wrote and printed and distributed leaflets. My mother died. Do you see where I have a front tooth missing. *They* knocked it out in school there, because I wouldn't sing their song. My relatives were Nazis too. They used to torture me. They cursed my father and mother." The woman asked him only to keep silent before her husband, her children, and the neighbors.

The children neither liked nor disliked the strange boy. He kept himself to one side and did not laugh. But the husband could not stand the youngster—he said that he mistrusted his look. He scolded his wife for giving the boy some of her own rations; he said she had a nerve taking in her cousin's child. His complaints generally developed into lectures: after all, the war was lost, the Germans had occupied France, they had discipline, they understood order.

Once, when the lad upset the milk can, he jumped up and struck him. Later the woman tried to console the boy. He replied: "It doesn't matter—it's better here than there."

"I'd like," Meunier began once, "to have a real piece of Gruyere again, just once, for dessert." That evening he returned quite excited: "Imagine what I saw! A big German truck full of cheeses. They buy whatever they feel like. They print bank notes by the million and hand them out."

Two or three weeks later Mrs. Meunier called on her friend Annette. The latter was not pleased at her visit and told her not to

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show herself again in that part of town. The Gestapo was cursing and threatening. They had even found out in what cafe the child had waited. They knew that a woman had visited him there and that the two had left the place at different times. On her way home, Mrs. Meunier considered the danger into which she had plunged herself and her family. She pondered long on what she had done so thoughtlessly, on the spur of the moment. But everything on her homeward journey confirmed her decision: the lines before the open shops, the shutters on the closed shops, the German cars careening wildly over the boulevards, tooting their horns, the swastikas fluttering from the buildings. When she reentered her kitchen she patted the refugee boy's head in a kind of second welcome.

Her husband reproached her that she doted too much on the lad. Now that his own children tolerated the stranger, Meunier made him the butt of his ill temper. He felt that all his hopes had suddenly been transformed into a troubled, dismal, and fettered future. Since the boy was too prudent and taciturn to give him any pretext, he hit him without reason, asserting that the lad had a saucy look in his eyes. Besides, he was now deprived of his last pleasure. He still spent most of his free time in the bar, which was some consolation. But the machine shop at the end of the street where he had worked was forcibly taken over by the Germans.

The street, hitherto tranquil and free of swastikas, began all at once to swarm with German mechanics. German trucks sputtered and snorted, waiting to be repaired. Nazi soldiers took possession of the bar and made themselves at home there. Meunier the machinist could not stand the sight. His wife now found him often sitting mutely at the kitchen table. Once when he had remained motionless for almost an hour, his head in his hands and his eyes wide open, his wife asked him what he was thinking of. He replied: Oh, about nothing—and about everything. About something quite far away. Imagine, I just thought about that German. Remember? The one your friend Annette told you about. I don't know if you remember—the German who was against Hitler, the German the Germans arrested. I'd like to know what became of him. Of him and of his son. . . ."

Mrs. Meunier answered: "I met Annette a little while ago. They put that German in Sante prison. He's probably been murdered since. The child disappeared. Paris is a big place. I suppose he found some shelter or other."

Since none of the Frenchmen liked to drink with the Nazi soldiers, they often came to the Meunier's kitchen with a few bottles. That had previously been unheard of and would have been considered almost insulting. Most of them were Meunier's former shopmates. They spoke their minds freely. The boss of the factory had yielded his office to a German director, who came and went as he pleased. German experts tested, weighed, and carted things away. They no longer even took the trouble in the main office to keep secret for whom they were working. The manufactured parts of plundered metal were sent to the East, to slit the throats of other peoples. The honeymoon was over—now wages were cut, strikes were forbidden, work fell off.

Mrs. Meunier lowered her shutters; the men in the kitchen dropped their voices. The strange boy lowered his eyes as if he himself feared that his sharp eyes would betray his heart. He became so pale and thin that Meunier observed him sullenly and expressed the fear that he was victim of an illness which he might give to the other children. Mrs. Meunier wrote a letter to herself in which her "cousin" asked them to keep the boy a little longer—her husband was very sick and she preferred to remain near him for a while. "She certainly doesn't fuss much about her own kid," Meunier said.

Mrs. Meunier was quick to praise the lad. He was very resourceful: "Every morning at four he goes to the market; for instance this morning he got a nice piece of beef without a food card."

There were two sisters living in the same courtyard as the Meunier family. They had always had a bad reputation. Now they often went to the bar across the street and sat on the knees of the German technicians. A policeman noticed them and took both of them to headquarters. They yelled and fought but he had them put on the list of suspicious characters. The whole street rejoiced. But unfortunately the sisters grew much worse. German technicians came in and out of their apartment. The noise could be heard distinctly from Meunier's kitchen. It was no longer a laughing matter to Meunier and his friends. Meunier no longer praised German order. His whole life had been shattered by this disciplined order—his life in the shop and his life at home, his little pleasures and his great joys, his well-being, his honor, his peace of mind, his very air and existence.

One day Meunier was alone with his wife. After a long silence, he could not control himself. "They have the power. What can we do about it? How strong they are, the devils! If only there was somebody in the world stronger than they! But we're helpless. If we just open our mouths, they murder us. Like that German your friend Annette once told you about. Maybe you've forgotten about him; I haven't. After all, he did risk something. And his son, there's a kid for you! Let your cousin shift for herself with her brat. He leaves me cold. But that German's son, there's a boy I'd take in, he'd be somebody. I'd treat him better and feed him better than my own son. To shelter a boy like him in our house while those bandits pass by the door and have no idea what I'm doing and what kind of a person I am and whom I have hidden in my house. Why, I'd take in a boy like that with open arms!"

His wife turned away and spoke softly: "You've already taken him in."

I HEARD this story in the hotel where I lived in the 16th District in Paris. It was told to me by Annette who took a job in the hotel because she no longer felt safe in her old place.

ANNA SEGHERS.

Throg's Neck

Sky; and a line of land; and a vast arm of the sea.
Complement sea and sky blowing to change with the hour.
O momently-change, here is your source, depth of your power,
In wind-shaken living sky and skittering sea alike.

Land is set, brown and jutted, between two floodings.
Place for the foot to hold, arm cling, whereon to cleave.
Wind spins from sky, light flares, skelter waters heave:
All change above and below; stark permanence between.

The metaphors of sight fail on test; they need delving.
It was another spit of ground when the Algonquins came
For clams; for them wind and water were utterly the same.
So ho, reverse is true. Land is the all of change.

What changes most, turns permanent, in identical dance.
The hard line slowly shapes, where men have hold to build.
Land, the rock, most fully inhabited and willed,
The vast above, below, open to weathering sweep.

Feeling, so seeming the essence of change, so fluid, so blown,
Most like sky and sea is,—the vast of unchange.
Thought, fact-hard, non-static, hazardous and iron-strange,
Glows, is forged again and again in daily clang upon an anvil.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

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THE NAZIS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

by Colonel T.

NO DOUBT many people were sincerely disappointed because the Soviet High Command's communique of February 23 did not read like a railroad schedule with a string of names designating localities recaptured by the Red Army. These people were led by subtle newspaper propaganda outside the Soviet Union to believe that such an announcement would be forthcoming. It is hard to determine whether this advance fanfare was prompted simply by wishful thinking or by a more sinister desire to drum up the "anniversary communique" and then have it come as a let-down reflecting adversely on the Red Army.

Be that as it may, it is important to realize that it was unreasonable to expect such a communique necessarily to coincide with the Red Army anniversary. The omission of place names from official dispatches is due to a strictly military reason. Many German units are encircled and their lines of communications—not only roads, but wires, too—are cut. These units often do not know what is going on left, right, and to their rear. This severely handicaps them. Hence the geographical silence of the Soviet communiques. One can hardly expect Moscow suddenly to lift the veil of secrecy just because the Red Army is celebrating the twenty-fourth anniversary of its establishment—any more than one could expect General MacArthur, for instance, to call off operations on his birthday.

HOWEVER, two extremely revealing documents were given to the world on February 23. One of them was the speech of the Chairman of the Defense Committee of the USSR—Joseph Stalin.

Carefully reading this speech, one finds a great many things which, although couched in Stalin's customary terse and simple language, devoid of all oratory and boasts, are of distinct military interest. For instance, he throws light on the spring operations, which elicit such breathless interest in millions of people: "Elements of surprise that formed the German stock of power have been spent. *The war will now be different* in that the disparity caused by this element of surprise no longer exists." [My emphasis.]

Thus Stalin shows that the balance of power has greatly changed since June 1941.

Concerning the Red Army's strategic plans, Stalin puts it simply and bluntly: "We shall throw the enemy from the gates of Leningrad and liberate White Russia, the Ukraine, and the Crimea." Here is a forecast of operations along the four main directions of the Eastern Front. It is quite possible even that the order in which these directions are named has some bearing upon the way the objective will be carried out—although, frankly, this is but speculation, for the order might be determined merely by the position of those directions on the map.

About the Red Army tactics of pinching off stubbornly held German strong points built around important populated and communication centers, Stalin has this to say: "In recent operations the German garrisons in the towns of Klin, Sukhinichi, Andreapol, and Toropetz were summoned to surrender. Life was promised them; they refused and many Germans lost their lives." It would be hard to describe the character of colossal operations more succinctly in a couple of dozen words.

So here you have, in broad, essential strokes, the relation of forces, the strategy and the tactics. Apply this to the future military outlook and you get a feeling of calm assurance, much more encouraging and inspiring than just a string of place names.

ON TOP of this remarkable document comes another one, also from a great warrior—the cablegram General Douglas MacArthur sent from Bataan to the Red Army on its anniversary:

"The world situation at the present time indicates that the hopes of civilization rest on the worthy banners of the courageous Russian Army. During my lifetime I have participated in a number of wars and have witnessed others, as well as studying in great detail the campaigns of outstanding leaders of the past.

"In none have I observed such effective resistance to the heaviest blows of a hitherto undefeated enemy, followed by a smashing counter-attack which is driving the enemy back to his own land. The scale and grandeur of the effort mark it as the greatest military achievement in all history."

Now, General MacArthur certainly knows what warfare means. His tribute is as beautiful and simple as a sabre salute. Every Red Army man will place it among his most cherished anniversary greetings which came from every allied area of the globe, from every anti-Axis command.

So here is what Red Army Day, 1942, produced. There is no cause for disappointment.

I know it is almost sacrilegious to mention pigmies like Hanson W. Baldwin of the New York *Times* in the same breath with stalwart warriors, but I cannot refrain from showing up this "expert's" drivel against the two grand documents of February 23. While Stalin was speaking to the Red Army and General MacArthur was paying tribute to its courage and accomplishments *("the greatest military achievement of all history")*, Mr. Baldwin was saying: ". . . the Russian gains of the last few weeks have not been definite and impressive."

With one stroke General MacArthur extols the Red Army and demolishes Hanson W. Baldwin—a good service to the readers of the *Times*.

COLONEL T.

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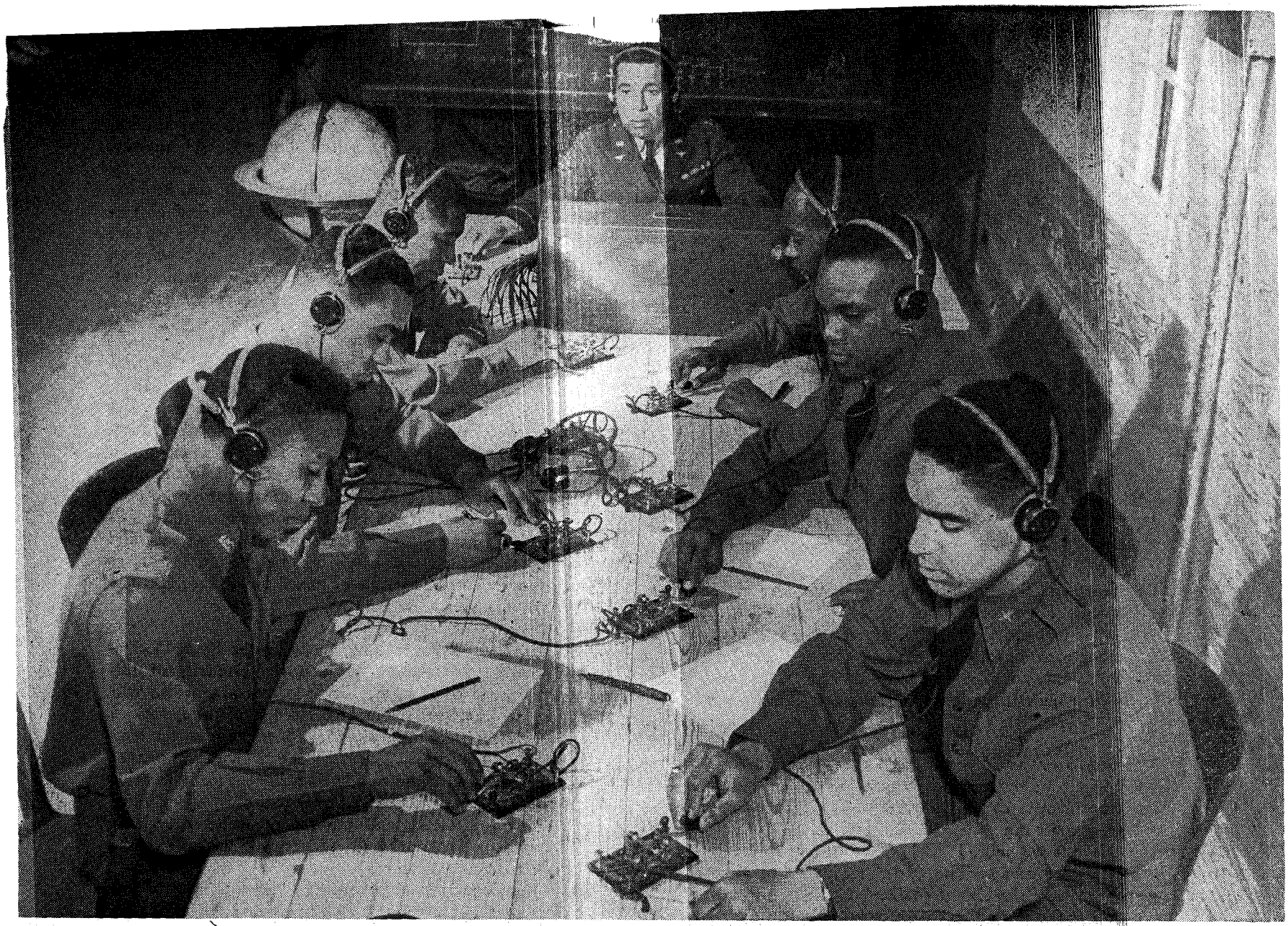

U. S. Army Signal Corps.

Negro flying cadets learning how to receive and send code.

The editor of the "Michigan Chronicle" discusses the danger of racial inequality in prosecuting the war. Japanese propaganda and how to defeat it.

THE CURSE OF RACISM

WE HAVE learned that not only did the Japanese drop their sticks of bombs on our Filipino cousins in this war, but they littered the island countryside with some very annoying literature. Propaganda leaflets have been used extensively in World War II by the Allies as well as the Axis, and during the early months of the conflict the lively exchange of "paper bullets" may have led some Americans to believe that this was indeed a "phony war." The Japanese are not overlooking this aspect of the propaganda offensive in their attempt to alienate our cousins in the Pacific.

In the second week of the Japanese clash with us, a reporter broadcasting from the Philippines read one of these leaflets which bore some rude facts about Yankee protectors of Philippine sovereignty. The paper bullet pointed out that the Americans coveted and had acquired everything of value in the possessions, and had created a little white world of their own which excluded the natives. The Yankees, according to the Japanese, had the best land, the finest homes, and maintained exclusive clubs from which natives were barred. The white Americans, the Japanese leaflet indicated, considered themselves a superior race and the Filipinos were nothing more than vassals in their native land.

There is at least enough truth in these accusations to annoy our forces in the islands. The racial issue has always been a factor for consideration in our relationships with our possessions and with Latin America, and the American prejudices have always mitigated against official efforts at good will and Pan-American solidarity. The color and racial prejudices of the American tourist and businessman have done more to defeat the Inter-American bond of friendship than our financial loans and subsidies have done to cultivate it. I feel confident in the case of the Filipinos, however, that they know that their dream of independence will be fulfilled far sooner under the guidance

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Joe Louis picks up a few rifle tricks from his buddies.

of the Stars and Stripes than under the protective custody of the Japanese. The natives know what has happened in China.

Our color and racial prejudices, nevertheless, may materially affect the prosecution of the war and the ultimate defeat of our enemies. Pearl S. Buck in a letter to *Time* magazine (January 5 issue) quite properly cautions us against our prejudices:

"Sirs:

"*Time* (December 15) used the words 'yellow bastards' and 'Hitler's little yellow friends' in speaking of the Japanese. I suggest that none of us use the word 'yellow' in speaking of the Japanese, because our allies, the Chinese, are yellow.

"In this war we must, I think, take care not to divide ourselves into color groups. The tide of feeling about color runs very high over in the Orient. Indians, Chinese, Filipinos, and others are sensitive to the danger point about their relation as colored peoples to white peoples. Many Americans do not realize this, but it is true, and we must recognize it or we may suffer for it severely. The Japanese are using our well known race prejudice as one of the chief propaganda arguments against us. Everything must be done to educate Americans not to provide further fuel for such Japanese propaganda.

"I hope that such an influential magazine as *Time* will not again insult the Chinese by using a color term which classes them with the Japanese.

"PEARL S. BUCK."

Many intelligent Americans in the past have often expressed surprise that our neighbors to the South apparently have to be cajoled by our State Department into a strong alliance with us. It would appear to many of us that the weak Latin-American nations ought to realize that the United States is their friend and protector. We know that the Latin-American republics have some 17,000,000 Indians, and millions of Negroes; the vast majority of the total population below the Rio Grande could be classed as non-whites by our standards. In our country, one drop of Negro blood makes a Negro. Thus vast numbers of the peoples to the South may be expected to distrust a Yankee who insists on the superiority of his blood and heritage at every opportunity.

President Roosevelt's famous Good Neighbor Policy, which has been a real contribution to Pan-American good will, has had to offset the resentment created among the Latins by thousands of our tourist and businessmen who are always "unofficial ambassadors" from the United States. I spent a year in Havana during President Roosevelt's first term and had occasion to observe the antics of our Nordic citizens as they "did" Cuba's capital. The Yankees seemed impelled to behave in a crude, uncultivated fashion which they called "going native." Since the majority of them were there only a few days at most, they never learned what the native life was like anyway.

They did publicly all the things that they would be ashamed to be caught doing in Mudville. Their manner indicated that they considered themselves very privileged characters and beyond the pale of censure or reproach. The meekest American becomes a bully and the humblest the most officious. Such an attitude in the course of time naturally creates a certain resentment among the masses of the people which may not be expressed for fear of hurting the "tourist trade," vital in a precarious economy.

The American is treated with a great deal of theatrical respect by Latin officials, but there is still a genuine fear of Yankee imperialism in many quarters and there is a great deal of hidden resentment at these haughty unofficial ambassadors. The Yankee carries with him everywhere the home-grown color and racial prejudices and clings passionately to the myth of white superiority. The Yankee attitude toward color and race has deliberately cultivated racial trouble in countries which otherwise would have none of it. Negroes have been discouraged from frequenting some hotels because the tourists object to them, etc. Indians and people of mixed blood have also felt the curse of the Yankee attitude.

THE TREMENDOUS EFFORTS being made by the State Department toward better relations between the countries of this hemisphere must include in the long run measures which will create good will between the masses of people of the Americas. Unless the masses are sold on the Pan-American idea, the temporary heads of the various governments can guarantee neither loyalty to a common cause nor lasting friendship. The color and racial attitudes of the United States will always jeopardize the Pan-American ideals, and the sooner white Americans scrap the myth of superiority the sooner will we achieve the good will of which we speak.

The predominant attitude toward the Negro citizens of this country is another example of foolishness and stupidity. Because of the insistence upon the inherent value of skin color, a number of problems are presenting themselves today when we are at war which should have no place in our society. While American Negroes are loyal and patriotic, many nationalists among them cannot refrain from a secret admiration of the nerve and audacity of the Japanese, a non-white people, in daring to challenge the greatest white nation on earth.

As editor of a Negro newspaper, I have had to combat this muddled thinking on the part of my people who do not appreciate the full menace of the Axis to our way of life. The nationalists among the Negroes, however, are the creatures of racial prejudice, segregation, and discrimination which have become traditions in the United States. The time has come for the progressive and liberal forces in our society to consider seriously the inimical effects of racism in time of war. There must be unity and solidarity despite racial differences for a successful prosecution of this war and for a lasting peace.

The controversy over Negro participation in defense industries and integration into the armed forces of the United States is a disgrace in a democracy. The Axis powers will seek to inflame disgruntled elements in our population here and in all other countries of this hemisphere. The Japanese are desperately trying to make capital out of an admittedly stupid attitude toward non-white peoples. We must not give comfort to our enemies by pursuing a policy which cannot but weaken the unity and solidarity which is demanded of us now. Our color and racial attitudes must not become our Achilles heel, now or in the future. LOUIS EMMANUEL MARTIN.

New Masses would welcome comment from both Negroes and whites on the extremely important issues raised by Mr. Martin —The Editors.

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What the Supreme Court Did Say

The nation was misled by press reports on a decision concerning the National Labor Relations Board. How a ruling "in favor" was misinterpreted as one "against."

IT WOULD have been interesting to have eavesdropped upon the Supreme Court Justices as they commented upon the newspaper reviews of the Court's recent decision in the case of *National Labor Relations Board* vs. *Virginia Electric & Power Co.* and *Independent Organization of Employees of V. E. & P. Co.* Certainly the opinion of the Court cannot be squared with the joyous outbursts of anti-labor columnists and editorial writers. Yet it is the reaction of the press and of big business to the opinion which can be said to be the main result of the Court's decision; the law it laid down is at most a minor by-product.

Those who have read the papers will now be surprised to learn that the Supreme Court decided the case *in favor of the NLRB* and not against the board. The decision reversed the ruling of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, Fourth Circuit, which had rejected the board's findings and orders.

The National Labor Relations Board, after extensive hearings and upon considerable testimony, had concluded that the Virginia Electric & Power Co. had helped to set up a company union, disguised as the Independent Organization of Employees, and had fired workers for genuine union activity and for opposing the company union. It therefore directed that the company union be dissolved, the check-off dues be refunded, the fired workers reinstated with back pay, and ordered the company to cease and desist from its unfair labor practices in the future. Readers of the newspaper articles may have observed an absence of gloating over the "defeat" of the CIO. The explanation for that strange reticence is probably to be found in the fact that the charges against the company were brought not only by the Transport Workers Union, CIO, but by the Amalgamated Association of Street Car Employees and the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, both AFL.

Despite the many-sided forms of unfair labor practice indulged in by the company, practices which the board condemned in its findings and conclusions, the Circuit Court of Appeals, on the appeal of the company, rejected the board's decision, thereby sanctioning the company's anti-labor policy, its firings for union activity, and its company union.

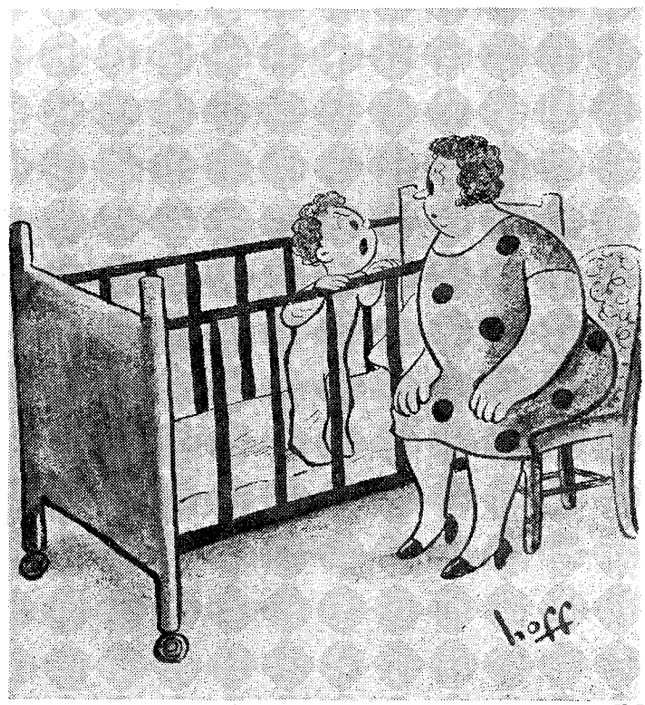
IT WAS this grave misapplication of the Wagner act which the Supreme Court passed upon and undid. In the course of his opinion Mr. Justice Murphy related at great length a series of acts practiced by the company which the AFL and CIO unions had disclosed to the Labor Board. They covered a period before the passage of the Wagner act and included the use of spies supplied by the notorious Railway Audit & Inspection Co., a fifth column service used by reactionary big business to stifle union activity. After the Wagner act was upheld by the Supreme Court in 1937, the company's tactics changed. While purporting to uphold the law, its supervisors warned the workers against the CIO and at the first sign of serious organizing activity diverted it toward the company union. Opposition to the company union led to firings, and the company union was quickly organized, bargained with, and a closed shop check-off contract signed.

In the course of outlining these clearly anti-labor practices, Mr. Justice Murphy considered two communications addressed by the company to its employees. He concluded that these communications, if considered by themselves, separated from all the facts which he had already described, might not be sufficient to constitute proof of coercion: "If the utterances are thus to be separated from their background, we find it difficult to sustain a finding of coercion with respect to them alone." The Court thereupon referred the case back to the Board so that it could make a finding based "upon the whole course of conduct revealed by this record."

It is unquestionable that "upon the whole course of conduct" the Board will reaffirm its original decision, reformulating its findings so as not to give the company further opportunity to raise the false issue of free speech.

It was on the basis of this false issue that so much ado was made by the press. The two communications considered in the opinion were addressed by the company to its employees, upon observing the wave of organization following the Supreme Court's decision in the famous Jones and Laughlin case upholding the Wagner act. The first addressed by the president of the company to its employees, said among other things:

"Such (organizing) campaigns are now being pressed in various industries and in different parts of the country and strikes and unrest have developed in many localities. . . . Certainly there is no law which requires or is intended to compel you to pay dues to or to join any organization. . . . If any of you . . . have any matter which you wish to discuss with us,



Hoff

"The three bears, nerts—tell me when we're gonna beat the Axis!"

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any officer . . . will be glad to meet with you. . . ."

When some workers took the invitation in the last phrase seriously, the second communication was composed and read to meetings called by the company in its plants in Norfolk and Richmond, Va. This time the workers were advised:

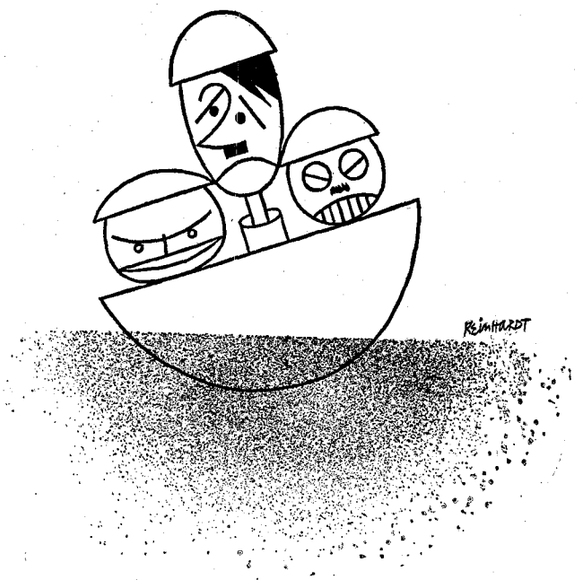
"The petitions and representations already received indicate a desire on the part of these employees at least, to do *their own* bargaining and we are taking this means of letting you know our willingness to proceed with such bargaining. . . . In view of your request . . . it will facilitate negotiations if you will proceed to set up *your* organization, select *your own* officers and adviser, adopt *your own* by-laws and rules and select *your* representatives to meet with the company officials whenever you desire." (My italics.)

The board found that these communications "interfered with, restrained and coerced" the employees within the meaning of the Wagner act. In view of the forthright command of the statute that "the findings of the board as to the facts, if supported the evidence, shall be conclusive," the Court's difficulty in accepting that finding is not readily understandable.

Certainly the layman, particularly the union man, will find it difficult to follow the Court's reasoning. Workers can be forgiven if they come to the conclusion that two such communications addressed to them by their bosses are not intended as academic lectures on labor relations. To the average worker, even the non-union kind, those words mean: "Stay out of the CIO and AFL; join the company union—or else!"

IT WOULD have been an aid to popular clarification had Mr. Justice Murphy not followed the technique of the Circuit Court in treating the company's communications as if they could be "separated from their background." That is arguing *in vacuo* and is too unrealistic for normal understanding.

Furthermore, the opinion provides uneasy analogy to the historic case of *Marbury* vs. *Madison*. There Chief Justice Marshall, while upholding President Jefferson's refusal to issue a judge's commission to Marbury, used the occasion to enunciate the doctrine of the Court's power to pass upon acts of Congress. It would have been well for Mr. Justice Murphy to have made clear to the Circuit Court and future tribunals that his opinion is not intended to permit, through specious invocation of the Bill of Rights, an unwarranted judicial interference in the area of administration. There Congress properly made the board the final authority.



Ad Reinhardt

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl,
And if the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer.
—A Mother Goose Rhyme.

Hilda Terry

"We must win! Why, under Hitler, we'd never get to be president!"

Despite the infelicitous language of the opinion and despite the anti-labor press, the decision cannot be considered as relieving the restriction on employers against interference, coercion or threat of their employees. It does not give employers the right under the guise of exercising free speech to oppose the CIO or AFL, to threaten workers with discharge or reprisal if they join up; to induce them to join a company union in preference to a bona fide organization, or in any way to subvert the intent of the Wagner act.

The issue of free speech is as absent in this case as it would be in the case of a highwayman who, pistol in pocket, says: "Madam, please give me your money." He could as fairly contend when charged with attempted robbery that since he did not flourish the pistol and couched his desires in polite language, the Court must protect him or be guilty of violating his freedom of speech. A Court would be properly outraged at such an argument from the highwayman. It is high time in the light of its own experience—not to say the example of numerous NLRB appeals—to be equally critical when anti-labor employers use the Bill of Rights to justify breaches of law and anti-social acts.

ABRAHAM UNGER.

Have you petitioned the President to release Earl Browder from prison?

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NEW MASSES

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The President Speaks

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S magnificent Washington's Birthday speech gives clarity and strength to simple men and women throughout our country and to the millions in far-off lands who hunger and fight for freedom. In that utterance and in Stalin's, coming within a day of each other, will be found the measure of that great struggle which twenty-six united nations are waging on all the continents and seas of the globe. In this speech the President was, above all, teacher and guide of the people. This is as it should be. Nothing could so well emphasize the gulf that lies between us and the degenerate gangs in Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo who maintain their power by terror, threats, and brazen deception of the people.

By calmly explaining the strategy this country must pursue in the Far East and in Europe, by refuting the false counsels of the appeasers who seek to sow panic and dissension, by his linking of our struggle with the efforts of the other nations united with us, and by his emphasis on our tasks and responsibilities, particularly on the production front, the President has provided the man in the street and the man on the farm with a compass of victory. And in the spirit of Valley Forge he made this challenging pledge:

"We Americans have been compelled to yield ground, but we will regain it. We and the other United Nations are committed to the destruction of the militarism of Japan and Germany. We are daily increasing our strength. Soon we, and not our enemies, will have the offensive; we, not they, will win the final battles; and we, not they, will make the final peace."

This Is the Year

THE most memorable passage in the President's press conference a week ago Tuesday concerned the Cliveden set, which is by now a national issue. But there was one other item in Mr. Roosevelt's remarks that oughtn't go unnoticed. We refer to the news that shipments of war materials to the Soviet Union will be up to schedule by the first of March. The President did not comment directly on the reports that were current a month ago to the effect that shipments were being sabotaged by the Clivedeneers; he attributed the interruption of shipments to the attack on Pearl Harbor. But he added that another large loan to the USSR is being contemplated, and said that soon after the first of March the lag in shipments would be overcome. And that is, of course, reassuring.

But the problem of maintaining our supply schedule to the Russians is only one phase of our responsibility in forestalling Hitler's big spring offensive. The other is the organization of a British and American offensive on the continent of Europe. As our editorial "After Singapore" emphasized last week, an Allied offensive this spring is the surest way of stopping Japan in her tracks, and making possible the break-up of Hitler's power this year. It was good to read that Secretary of State Stimson opposes the dispersal of our armed forces as defensive units but insists that "the only way to end the war is to take the offensive, and take it as vigorously as possible." "We are building an offensive force on land, on the sea, and in the air," Stimson continued, "and we shall seize every opportunity for attack, and utilize every opportunity for surprise."

The only remaining issue, therefore, is one of timing. And in this connection we came across an interesting paragraph in one of Ralph Parker's dispatches from Moscow last week to the New York *Times*. "It is generally held," says the correspondent, "that Germany will do everything possible to shorten the war, and that unless the Allies come around to the Russian way of thinking and forestall that massive German endeavor, they will have to face troubles that might have been avoided."

This is the essence of the problem of a "second front," but we can hardly agree that foresight of future troubles must represent an exclusively Russian way of thinking. It is in our own interest as Americans that everything be done to defeat Hitler this year. That is why the offensive and surprise actions of which Secretary Stimson speaks are so urgent.

Stalin's Speech

IT WAS only a brief "order of the day" that Stalin issued on the twenty-fourth birthday of the Red Army, but it rang round the world with its characteristic conciseness, its sober confidence, and pithy emphasis on the central issues of the war. The twenty-fourth birthday of the Red Army was itself a world holiday this year. From China came Chiang Kai-shek's congratulations; from Winston Churchill, amid the many other toasts in London, came the stress on Anglo-Soviet cooperation through the war and into the peace. General MacArthur, embattled in Bataan, issued perhaps the most meaningful greeting of all: the "scale and grandeur" of the Red Army's defense and its offensive, said the general "marks it as the greatest military achievement in all history." And in the President's powerful fireside address last Monday night came the "salute" in the name of all the United Nations for the "superb Russian Army."

Two ideas in Stalin's speech are particularly noteworthy. One was the serious way in which he reminded the Soviet people that the "enemy is not yet beaten, and a stern struggle is ahead of us." This was addressed not only to the Red Army, but by implication, to the whole world. Too many have indulged in the idea that the Russians themselves would finish off the foe: not only an unmoral idea, but unreal. For the year 1942 projects great dangers for the United Nations and requires their maximum unity and coordination of offensive power.

And the second noteworthy passage was the way Stalin addressed the German people. He distinguished between the people and their Nazi marauders; he put it up to the German people themselves, if they wished to avoid annihilation, to step forward and do their share to destroy their misrulers. Thus Stalin undermines one of Goebbels' favorite propaganda devices, and thus Stalin gives a line, which as the New York *Times* editorial observes, is one that Great Britain and the United States may well follow. Only a policy which distinguishes between the German people and the Nazis, but at the same time calls upon the German people to fulfill their own obligation in defeating Hitler, will make possible a shorter war and a really lasting peace.

Obscenity in Riom

A WEIRD "trial" opened in the tapestried castle of the Duke of Auvergne last week, in the little town of Riom, France; a "trial" to determine responsibility for France's defeat. It's a weird affair, first, because the accused have already been sentenced by Marshal Petain to life-long imprisonment, and second, because the accusers are really the ones who ought to be in the dock.

Not that Leon Blum, Edouard Daladier, Marshal Gamelin, and the other defendants are blameless in France's catastrophe; but to dwell on that would be to overlook the motivation and historical circumstance of this particular trial. It is obviously an attempt on Vichy's part to please its German masters. In his diabolical cunning, Hitler endeavors to rake up all the old issues and controversies of the past for the purpose of paralyzing the French people at a moment when they are recovering their energies in the struggle against both Vichy and Germany.

The defendants have already done much to expose the real character of the trial. Ex-

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cept for Gamelin, who refuses to participate, perhaps by prior arrangement with Vichy, the other defendants like Blum, Daladier, and Pierre Cot (from his Washington exile) have lashed out at the constitutionality of the court. They have challenged the Justices as already instructed on the verdict, and Daladier openly declared that Hitler was behind the whole thing. Riom can thus become another Leipzig; it can serve to expose the alliance of French and German fascists which brought France to her doom.

Viereck Et Al.

BEFORE the trial of George Sylvester Viereck is over, we may have the picture of Nazi propaganda activities which Martin Dies won't reveal. Dies is part of the picture. So are Representatives Fish of New York, Day of Illinois, Sweeney of Ohio. So are the German Embassy in Washington and a once obscure publishing house called Flanders Hall. Viereck connects them all. The Nazi propagandist, who is charged with holding back information when he registered as an employee of a foreign agency, arranged with Ham Fish to frank out 125,000 copies of an appeasement speech which Viereck himself wrote for the late Senator Lundeen of Minnesota. Fish's secretary, George Hill, who was recently convicted of perjury, was "only a poor dupe of a clerk," says Prosecuting Attorney Maloney; he acted entirely on Fish's directions—and Fish acted pretty much on Viereck's. Viereck secured material from the German Embassy for a manuscript by Lundeen which was inserted in the Congressional Record and later published by Flanders Hall, which was controlled by Viereck. It was Viereck's lawyers who drew up the contract under which Flanders Hall published Representative Day's appeasement book—which Viereck helped "revise" in manuscript. It was Viereck's agent, Prescott Dennett, who got Representative Sweeney to plug a Flanders Hall publication (written by Viereck's boss, Dr. Giselher Wirsing) in a nationwide radio broadcast.

But it wasn't all Viereck. He is not so important as the men he used, the men who were so willing to be used. Hamilton Fish, for example, had as much regard for George Sylvester Viereck as Viereck had for him. About two and a half years ago when the Dies committee, in one of its feeble anti-fascist gestures, subpenaed Viereck, Congressman Fish easily persuaded Dies to release him so the propagandist could make a trip to Germany. Fish also went to Germany—to offer his services in Hitler's "peace offensive"!

Notice that practically all the leading figures so far named in the Viereck trial are supporters of Dies—including Elizabeth "Red Network" Dilling, whose "Patriotic Research Bureau" helped spread Viereck's propaganda.

Small wonder that Dies refused to investigate this caboodle. And no wonder at all that patriotic people everywhere are now firing at Dies. His committee should be abolished along with Viereck's "front" organizations. America needs a real investigation of real subversion. How does a man like George Deatherage become superintendent of a $25,000,000 Naval construction job—Deatherage, who organized anti-Semitic groups, believes America should be ruled by "military courts," and dislikes Winston Churchill on the ground that the Prime Minister is "part Jewish." How did a White Guard speaker for the America First Committee, Baron Charles Rokassowski von Wrangel, get to be a guard on the *Normandie*? The New York newspaper *PM* has recently exposed the facts about these two men and their jobs—they should have been discovered, and ousted, long ago. Some swift, energetic action is needed all along the anti-Quisling front.

Bad Habit

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S attack on those who "are now trying to destroy our confidence in our allies" applies unfortunately not only to out-and-out Axis propagandists and appeasers, but to certain others who, having formerly indulged in Soviet-baiting, seem to be unable to break themselves of bad habits. In a recent issue of the *Nation*, for example, appears an article which declares: "Russia has built up over the years an international force of gangsters to deal with real and imagined enemies"—a canard which will be much appreciated in Berlin.

The article attributes to the Soviet Union a "plot" against five shady characters whose fifth column activities have been exposed by progressives in Mexico. These five are Victor Serge, described as a "French author," but actually a Russian Trotskyite of long standing; Julian Gorkin, leader of the Trotskyite POUM in Spain which worked with Franco in the effort to overthrow the loyalist government; Grandiso Muniz, another POUMist; Marceau Pivert, Trotskyite, who was thrown out of the French Socialist Party; and Gustav Regler, novelist, who while interned in a French concentration camp collaborated with the collaborators of Hitler against the anti-Nazi prisoners and thereby speedily secured his own release.

In its eagerness to defend these enemies of democracy the *Nation* is not too finicky about means. A resolution against the five impostors introduced in the Mexican Congress by a group of deputies representing various political parties becomes for the *Nation* a resolution "sponsored by a Communist deputy"—though it will be news to the Mexican Communist Party that it has any deputies in Congress. And the magazine even stoops to disgusting libelous attacks on veteran anti-Nazis who have found asylum in Mexico, describing the well known writer, Andre Simone as "an Ogpu agent."

The *Nation* article is a major blunder. It is a Trotskyite time bomb planted in that magazine in order to disrupt anti-fascist unity. We do not think the editors of the *Nation* deliberately wish to be the dupes in that kind of game.

Wasting Manpower

SURELY $300,000,000 isn't very much to pay for preserving the health and morale of workers who have lost their jobs because of priorities and industrial conversion to war production. The CIO has estimated that the number of men so displaced will reach at least 3,225,000. Unless federal relief is forthcoming, a great deal of civilian manpower will be wasted and not only through impaired health and skill, through unemployment itself, but because the jobless won't be able to train for other work or to travel around for jobs. Yet sixteen members of the House Ways and Means Committee—opposed by eight—have rejected the administration's measure to provide this $300,000,000. They are the perennial "anti" boys; anti-WPA, anti-Roosevelt, anti-labor, and anti-"socialization." By "socialization" they usually mean anything opposed by the very type of big industrialist who is most responsible for the dislocations that increase unemployment. Evidently it doesn't even strike them as unfair that their industrialist friends should get billions in war contracts, at pretty profits, while the victims of war dislocations get nothing even to sustain life. Representatives of the CIO and AFL presented them with all the arguments, but it made no difference. This is the same sort of congressmen who can forget all about the war to make speeches against Donald Duck and "fan dancers." They were attacking morale then and they attacked it again in voting down the unemployed compensation fund. However, they are not getting away with this one so smoothly. Already plans are under way to provide the $300,000,000 through another measure—perhaps as an addition to the WPA appropriations. Or the administration's original bill may be reintroduced and fought for again. It's up to the public to start fighting now to clear the way in Congress for speedy passage.

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Readers Forum

Browder and the Abolitionists

To New Masses: Boston has ever been among the foremost communities to defend victims of any miscarriage of justice. That is why Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson's championing of the fugitive slave Anthony Burns, whom reactionary judges sought to return to slavery in 1853, provides such a glorious episode in American history. The episode eternally reminds the Negro people of the heroic, self-sacrificing assistance which the Abolitionists of the nineteenth century gave to their own effort to achieve freedom from the oppressive bonds of chattel slavery and to win the status of American citizenship which they now enjoy. The entire record of Earl Russell Browder, his devotion to the struggle to save Angelo Herndon from a cruel and unusually severe sentence and to save the lives of the Scottsboro boys, as well as his persistent and outspoken condemnation of all abuses of the democratic rights of the Negro people guaranteed by our federal Constitution and the Bill of Rights, have won for him the respect of all defenders of the liberties of the common people, Negro and white. His democratic spirit was manifested by the fact that a Negro, James W. Ford, was his running mate when he was the candidate of his party for President of the United States in the 1940 campaign.

By reason of singleness of aim and fidelity to what he believes, Mr. Browder has earned the indisputable right to be considered as a twentieth-century Abolitionist, a relentless foe of Hitler slavery, a tireless champion of the rights of the Negro people to enjoy equal opportunities for development to meet the highest demands of American citizenship. I, therefore, as a Negro citizen of the Bay State, urge the immediate release of Earl Russell Browder.

William Harrison,
Associate Editor, Boston Chronicle.

Boston.

Education-as-usual

To New Masses: The article by Morris U. Schappes on education and the war (New Masses, Feb. 24, 1942) was a timely and incisive comment on a subject that needs clarification these days. I would like to add a few of my own observations as a college instructor.

I have noted one unfortunate tendency in my own school, which I prefer to leave unnamed. Despite the strong desire of the faculty to participate in the war effort up to the hilt, the problem of inter-departmental rivalry has become more acute in the past few weeks. Let me explain what I mean. In the twenties there was a great expansion of the university population. Colleges added to their staffs every year. Existing departments expanded and new ones were created. With the onset of the depression and consequent shrinkage of enrollment, each department tried to maintain its peak strength. This could be done at the time only if students were attracted to a particular department at the expense of some other department. The result: a competitive struggle, sometimes politely concealed, sometimes flaring up in the open.

This situation was bad for university morale. Instead of *all* the divisions getting together to seek ways and means of increasing enrollment as a whole, energy was expended in internal strife.

To a certain extent this situation obtains today. Only now the seriousness of the matter is all the greater. The problem today, as I see it, is to *pool* the resources of the university as a whole. Just as different firms in the auto industry must learn to pool their respective resources, so the different branches and departments of a large university must adopt a unified plan in which the capacities of the entire institution may be best allocated.

For example, isn't it ridiculous that the language departments should find themselves pitted against the science departments in this crisis? This is a global war, and we need all the language-equipped students we can get. This is a war of motors, and we need all the science-equipped students we can get. And each type of specialist can well use the knowledge, even if only limited, of the other field. The question of proper proportion must be answered not in terms of a narrow departmental interest, but in terms of: (1) the calculable needs of the war effort, (2) the resources of the university studied as a whole.

Only through such a cooperative spirit will the universities be able to carry through the big job that they now have. Only in such a spirit will they be able to achieve federal subsidies necessary to keep our institutions of higher learning from shrinking at a time when we must develop all the brainpower and all the skill that we have in this country.

C. B.

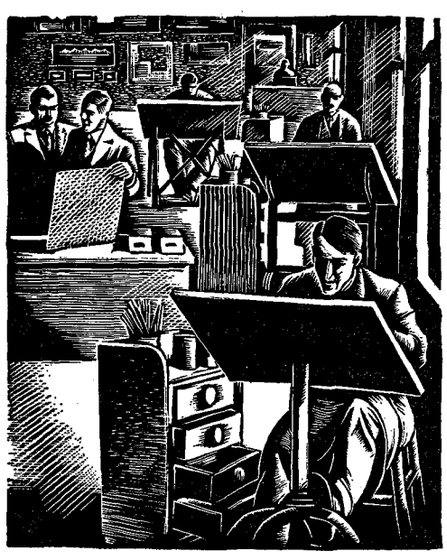
Chicago.

Literary Stormtrooper

To New Masses: I have seen quite a number of glowing reviews of a book just published under the title of *Time Was: Death of a Junker,* by Heinrich Hauser. The author poses as the representative of a conservative "lost generation" of Germans who was thoroughly repelled by the Hitler regime even in its early years. Apparently no reviewer has taken the trouble to look up Mr. Hauser's record in literature and politics. The truth is that he was the first German author with a liberal reputation to dedicate his books "to the second greatest German, Hermann Goering," with a hearty "Sieg Heil." He also published Nazi trash in the brown-shirted *Safari-Verlag.* I do not know why he finally got a kick from the foot he was kissing but it's certain that until then he never opened his mouth against Hitler. Now Herr Hauser follows the path of Rauschning and Tibor von Eckhard, looking quite honorable in his anti-Hitler dress. But the reviewers and the public should know that he was once pleased to be one of "the fuehrer's literary stormtroopers," to use a phrase of Hauser's comrade in shame, Hanns Johst, president of the Nazi Reichskulturkammer.

O. T. Ring.

Cleveland.



Giacomo Patri

Bouquets to Minton

To New Masses: Bruce Minton's scoop—expose of the Washington Cliveden set (New Masses, February 24) is the best thing to come out of Washington, in the way of political journalism, that I have seen for many months. I knew a bit about Evalyn Walsh McLean, the sort of thing I suppose most people know—about the Hope Diamond, her silly extravagances, her son-in-law—but it was news that this lady was in the appeasement set and in a fashion that has to be taken very seriously. I thought that Minton presented her and the rest of the Cliveden crowd with an effect of great accuracy combined with some vivid description. Let us have more of this kind of stuff from Washington—the "personality" writing used in the service of enormously important facts. Your correspondent has done a great job.

James Brook Warrenton.

Detroit.

To New Masses: I've read that article on Washington appeasers over twice, carefully noting names and facts, and I hope that millions of American citizens do likewise. We've been accustomed to laughing at some of these people, but they are definitely not amusing these days. It's up to good Americans to keep a sharp eye on them, and I'm grateful to Mr. Minton for pointing out exactly who they are and how they operate. The illustrations were superb.

Lydia Freeman.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

To New Masses: Congratulations to Bruce Minton and New Masses! We've heard rather vaguely for some time of "appeasers" and "Lady Astors" in Washington, but it took your correspondent to give us the lowdown. I hope that some sort of action will follow this expose. It's insufferable to think of these people doing business at the same old stand when the rest of America is straining in a united effort to win this war against the Cliveden set's Berlin master.

Belle LeBlanc.

Boston.

To New Masses: I looked at that photograph you published of Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean and thought of her own words: "I'm the only person in the last ten years who gave poor, dreary Russia a thrill." What a laugh! And what nerve! The important thing, though, about Bruce Minton's expose isn't Mrs. McLean. It's the whole set of appeasers and the way they work, which is the way they work in all countries. Gossip, insinuation, rumor, malice, and all in a pattern of disruption and treachery. Mr. Minton has shown us the pattern as it looks in the national capital. Let us never forget it.

Air Raid Warden.

New York City.

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FILIPINO SOUL: STORY OF A GREAT CULTURE

Never forget the name: Jose Rizal. The brave and talented writers who help mold a people to hate slavery. The novels and literature of our Pacific allies.

THE cultural history of the Philippines is closely linked with its political and economic history. The growth of native culture was slow and nervous, but it was a steady and brave movement toward reality. Before monarchist Spain acquired the Philippines by discovery in 1521, a primitive but distinct culture was already in existence, and it took nourishment from the indistinct cultures brought by the early traders who inhabited the neighboring islands. The first Spanish colonizers were in a vague way magnanimous to the natives, but proved unable to stem the tyranny of the friars. As a consequence, when Spanish sovereignty became abusive and destructive, it paved the way to its own defeat and complete annihilation.

As early as the eighteenth century the church instituted repressive measures and uprooted in a half concealed way every possible native growth, imposing ignorance and illiteracy upon the people. Spain was able to subjugate the Philippines for more than three centuries. Spain lost domination and power only when the islands began to develop their industries and opened their gateways to countries other than Mexico, which had been the only overseas trading post of the Manila galleons. The sudden exposure of the Philippines to wide-scale trade and commerce was the beginning of a positive contact with the civilized world. It was also the birth of a great cultural awakening.

AT THE beginning of the nineteenth century the Filipinos of means, realizing that education in their country was restricted but unable to do anything about it for lack of united political action, went to the most advanced cities of Europe. They often returned to the Philippines inspired and inflamed with the cultural movements abroad. They witnessed the political maelstrom that was reshaping the social structure of many countries in Europe. The lessons of the short-lived Spanish Republic of 1868 awakened them to the wrongs their countrymen were suffering at home.

With the help of republican Spaniards they formed a program of united political action. There appeared a revolutionary literature which had its mainspring in the Filipino colony in Madrid under the leadership of Marcelo H. del Pilar, and which spread rapidly with the growing underground political movement in the Philippines. But del Pilar died before the revolution he inspired broke out under the command of a stevedore named Andres Bonifacio.

Out of this turbulent period came a body of writing political in nature. Its ardent exponents were Marcelo H. del Pilar, Graciano Lopez Jaena, and Jose Rizal. The first two were editors of a fortnightly newspaper in Madrid called *La Solidaridad,* designed to arouse the sympathies of the republican elements in Spain. But Spain was undergoing a bloody turmoil like the other countries in Europe; the Republican government was deposed and the monarchists came into power again by the beginning of the seventies. However, the Philippines were at the height of economic activity and it was at such times that the Filipinos, like the rest of enlightened mankind, gave birth to some of their finest intellects and bravest souls.

The spirit of the period found full expression in the two powerful novels of Jose Rizal. *Noli Me Tangere,* published in Germany when Rizal was twenty-six, is an expose of the conduct of the church and the state; *El Filibusterismo,* published two years later in Ghent, is more or less a political treatise attacking the Spanish regime.

In the first novel (translated by Charles Derbyshire under the title *The Social Cancer*), Rizal believed that the "Filipinos had the right to grow and to develop and any obstacles to such growth and development must be removed gradually . . . under suitable guidance. . . ." In the second novel (*The Reign of Greed*) Rizal came to realize, after a visit in the Philippines, that not only social reforms which he advocated in *The Social Cancer,* but also political reforms must be planned if the growing rupture between the Philippines and Spain was to be avoided. But the only answer to his persistent plea for an intelligent relationship between his people and the rulers were eight bullets fired into his back when he was executed by the hysterical clergy on Dec. 30, 1896.

Rizal's death hastened the Philippine Revolution. It did not culminate in the final overthrow of Spanish rule over the islands in 1898, as most historians believe, but went on for years even after the surrender of the Philippines in 1898. Although Rizal's name was used by Bonifacio as the clarion call of the revolution, and his novels became the bibles of the revolutionists, he had had nothing to do with its actual planning.

It must be remembered that Rizal was in Europe when *The Social Cancer* was smuggled into the Philippines and read by the better Filipino families, even though imprisonment, deportation, or execution awaited those among whom the novels were found. When Rizal returned to the Philippines he was put under strict surveillance, but he saw that his message had been misinterpreted by native leaders. Then he returned to Europe via the United States and wrote *The Reign of Greed,* where he poured his political ideas and advocated open rebellion against the whole of Spanish tyranny. Returning to the Philippines again, he was seized by the Spanish authorities and charged with sedition. Immediately he was banished to Mindanao, where he devoted his time to science and the translation of foreign languages into Tagalog. When he was brought back to Manila to face the Spanish tribunal, the whole people was shocked by the death sentence pronounced upon him. He was thirty-five years old then. He wrote his last farewell, a poetic monody which is one of the sweetest and saddest swan songs in literature. Thus Spanish sovereignty sounded its own death knell.

The Revolution broke out and in the early part of 1898 the Spanish regime fell. The Philippine Republic was formed under the intellectual guidance of Apolinario Mabini, whose counterpart in American history is Thomas Jefferson. When the

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United States took the Philippines in the later part of 1898, Mabini and other leaders of the Revolution were deported to Guam.

Followed years of reconstruction and readjustment. The native cultural movement was disrupted and the richest elements of its individual character were destroyed by the new colonizers. The linguistic homogeneity that had been incorporated in the Spanish language was uprooted by the English language, and the weaker dialects of the people succumbed one after the other without any favorable effects upon either invading or invaded culture. Dollar diplomacy prevailed. Filipino writing was an imitation of the inorganic American writings, technically backward and limited to the expression of sentimental middle class ideals. But after three decades under American influence the Philippines, through various social, economic, and political changes, began to nourish a positive cultural revival that grew steadily until the Japanese invasion on Dec. 7, 1941.

In recent years, a critical revaluation of native culture appeared under the leadership of the younger writers and won support from government sources. Recent Philippine literature perceived the importance of native folklore, and devoted many efforts to universalize education and relate culture with political liberty. American and Spanish cultures were fusing and melting with the native culture, giving birth to a rich and genuine Philippine synthesis.

SINCE the passage of the Philippine Independence Law in 1934, a resurgence of cultural activity had been spreading simultaneous with the growing industrialism. When the Filipino people enjoyed more economic security and political freedom their potentialities emerged and demanded full expression. The awakened consciousness of the workers and farmers was supplemented by the emergence of new and vigorous talents. Filipino literature was beginning to explore Philippine life, from the much abused sharecroppers in the large *haciendas* of Luzon to the proletarians in Manila who were conscious of their exploitation and of their role in society. The economic and political improvements created new hopes and ideals, Filipino consciousness emerged into a world of unlimited intellectual possibilities.

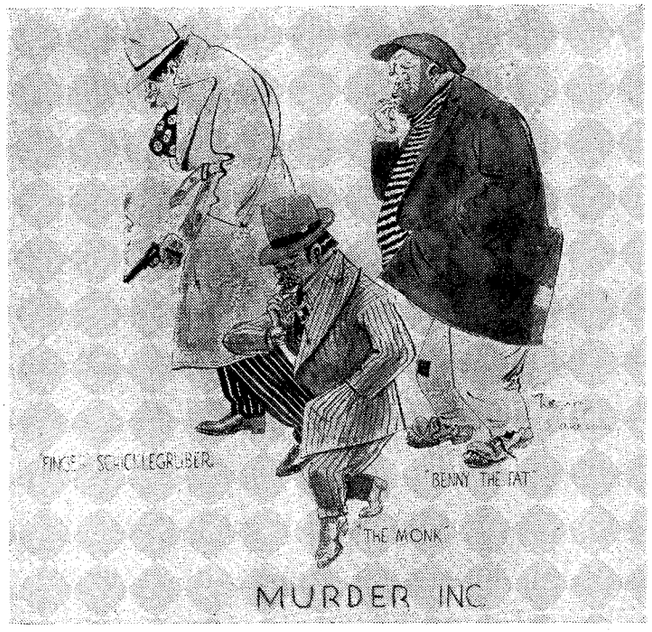
To stimulate the new cultural activity, a group of young writers formed the Philippine Writers' League. The primary objectives of the league were: To raise cultural standards; to fight for the democratic right to education; to cultivate a friendly relation with writers in other countries; to defend political and social institutions that serve for peace; to protect the freedom of expression; and to create an alliance of cultural defense between writers and progressive forces. The league came out at a time when writers in the United States were uniting around a plan of common interest and participating in defense of labor and civil rights. Like the vanguards of culture in this country, the members of the Philippine Writers' League were conscious that they were forging a weapon to create a new society.

Aside from its basic cultural activities, the league participated in labor strikes and pointed out the dangers of rebuffing the demands of the peasantry, which was the ready prey of absentee-landlordism. But inducements and facilities for a professional literary life were still lacking. Therefore the league, in compliance with a constitutional provision which provided for a governmental encouragement of letters, sponsored a literary contest embracing the three important languages in the Philippines—English, Spanish, and Tagalog. The results of the contest were so rich that President Manuel L. Quezon of the Commonwealth Government was obliged to institute an annual literary contest.

His Native Soil, by Juan Cabreros Laya, the winning novel in English, marks the beginning of the continuation of the literary tradition started by Francisco Balagtas in Tagalog and continued by Rizal in Spanish. Although Laya's novel does not possess the great courage and high vision of Rizal's *The Social Cancer,* it reveals a definite social awareness. Martin Romero, a well intentioned but confused intellectual repatriate from America, returns to his native town and forms a mercantile corporation which fails, owing to a great flood that sweeps away the investments. Undaunted, he starts a cooperative which is crushed by the rich and powerful lords of the

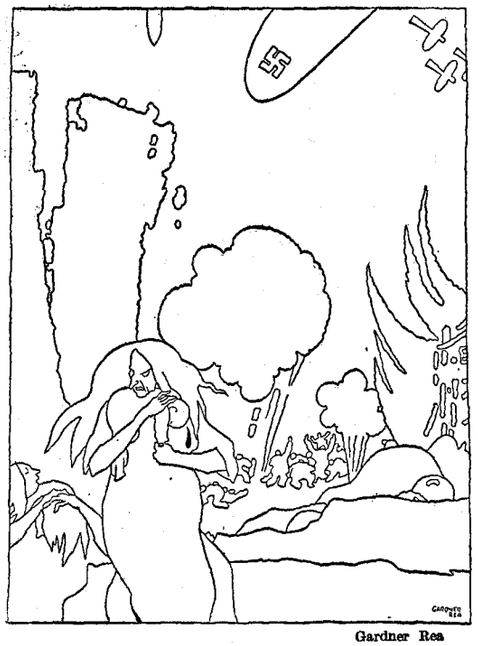
TWO OF THE PRIZE-WINNING CARTOONS

from the anti-Axis cartoon exhibit sponsored by the Society of Magazine Cartoonists for the N. Y. Defense Savings staff of the Treasury Dept.



Gregory D'Alessio

"Murder, Inc."



Gardner Rea

"Forgive them not, for they know what they do!"

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town. Martin ends in defeat, but not before he has found hope when he marries Virginia Fe. Although Laya does not seem to understand the human factors involved, he has somehow probed into the cancer that was eating the very marrow of Philippine life: the merciless exploitation of the peasantry by absentee-landlordism and the ruthless machinations of the political hierarchy which has been the blight of native politics.

His Native Soil is influenced by Thomas Hardy's *The Return of the Native,* Knut Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil,* and John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath.* These influences sharpen Laya's social consciousness and native technical skill, and they make us disregard the almost similar shadows of Hardy's Virginia Vye and Laya's Virginia Fe. Nearly forty years old in the Philippines, English has become a dynamic instrument in the hand of the young author. Living in the United States and in contact with the recent trends of American writing, he wrote the first critical novel in English about the Philippines today by using the rich scenery of his childhood and the shifting intellectual life of his generation. In portraying the early enthusiasms and the subsequent disillusionments of Martin Romero, he has recreated the changing political and social attitudes of the Filipino people today.

How My Brother Leon Brought Home a Wife, by Manuel E. Arguilla, the winning volume of short stories, deals mainly with workers, peasants, common folk, and city proletarians. "Rice" is a story of simple sharecroppers who are forced to resort to violence and anarchism; while "Prelude to Revolution" is a story of workers who are aware of the pitiless exploitation of the whole working class, but are convinced that absentee-landlordism is approaching its end in the Philippines. What makes the whole collection a distinctive piece of literature is, aside from its cadenced and lyrical prose, the healthy closeness of the people to the earth. So close are they to the Philippine earth that you feel the immortality of the earth itself in their speech and living-ways. "Midsummer" and the title story best represent the spirit of the almost paternal relationship between the earth and the common people.

Literature and Society, by Salvador P. Lopez, the winning volume of essays, is the most significant of all. Besides its deeply felt and sincere warning against the appearance of fascism in the Philippines, it is at once a constructive criticism and a positive affirmation of life. In this volume you find the old faiths and ideals beautifully illumined with the new faiths and ideals, reflecting in a purely imaginative language the creative energies of the Filipino people, their high hopes and tragic hesitations, their magnificent endowments and fearsome denials.

One is at once aware that this writer knows the function of literature in society, especially now that the very foundations upon which the arts must stand are shaken and endangered. Here is a writer who feels the spirit of understanding and belief; of understanding that all men are equal; that all men, whatever their color, race, religion, or estate, should be given equal opportunity to serve themselves and each other according to their needs and abilities.

Two essays in *Literature and Society* need elucidation. "Somewhere in Poland" tells of the author's and his wife's visit to Italy before Hitler crossed boundaries and spilled blood all over Europe. In a language surcharged with dark premonitions, forewarning the seizure and destruction of Poland, Lopez tells how they met a man and his wife from Poland who were vacationing in Florence, and how they took one another's pictures without each knowing the language of the other. In this essay Lopez writes: "Shortly after we returned to Manila, Hitler was overrunning the country of our new-found friends, destroying towns and cities, driving the people into nameless terror." And he adds: "If I were asked what was the one great benefit I derived from my trip, I must answer that I have been completely convinced of the essential goodness in the heart of man." But in "Proletarian Literature: A Definition," he calls for writers who must write with "words barbed with a large passion and tipped with fire; writers who must write of virile people winning victories towards freedom, or emaciated human beings enfeebled by anti-human civilization."

Like the Molave, by R. Zulueta da Costa, the winning volume of poems, reveals the feeling of internationalism among the younger writers. Here one is again reminded of the spirit of Jose Rizal revitalized. The concept of universal education is reinvigorated with a deep social conviction; it is a sincere effort to present realities of Philippine life. It possesses highly technical qualities and a serious purpose. *Like the Molave* suggests the growing spirit of Philippine poetry, and it reveals the responsibility of literature as a whole. Thus technical excellence and substance merged in a conscious social conviction:

You in whose hands is government,
We charge you with the people:
Are your hands holy for the sacred trust?
Blaze fiercely, government, you are the way
Out of the wilderness of withered institutions.

Leonardo Tejada

In the Ecuadorean Andes

It is not difficult to predict the cultural development of the Philippines, now that our time is dark with fascist aggression and brutality. The life and future of the islands depend upon the outcome of the present Japanese invasion. If our time is difficult for the writers, it is not difficult for literature. These are times when the writer must enrich his sensibilities with the terrible realities which are being laid bare for every man to see, and when the chaos is over he will have a storehouse of materials to fill the needs of a great cultural revival. The new literature will be an enlargement of *Noli Me Tangere, Literature and Society, Like the Molave,* and *His Native Soil.* The struggle against Japan is continuing. There will not be welcome, concession, or resignation in the face of Japanese militarism. The vision of a free and independent Philippines as one of a commonwealth of nations will surely bring forward a new and richer literature, rousing the people to resistance and revolt.

CARLOS BULOSAN.

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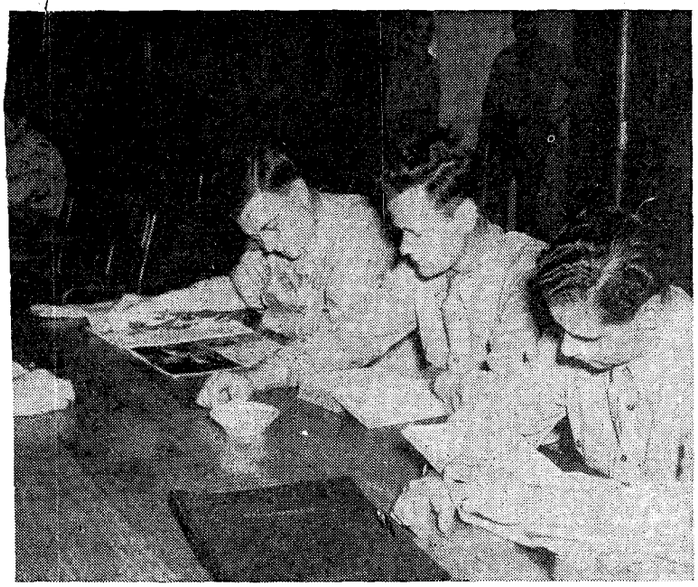
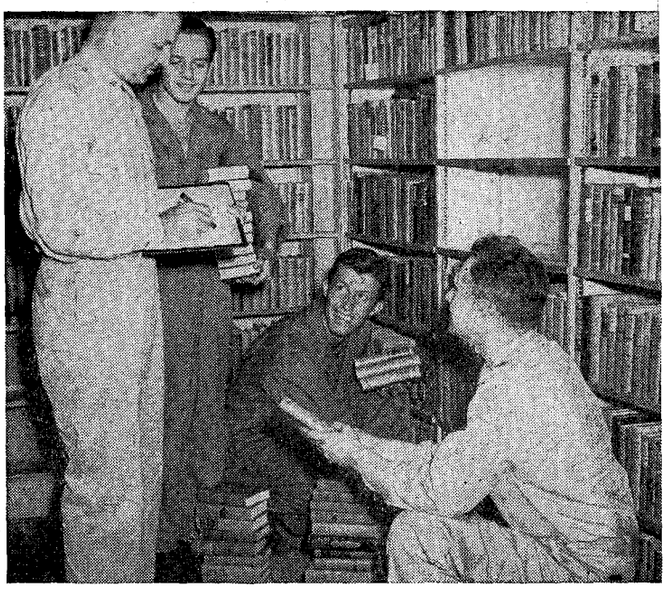


Recording new additions to a midwestern army library.

The USO, the Red Cross, and the American Library Association have asked for 10,000-000 books to meet the needs of our armed forces. The nation's bookstores and libraries have agreed to act as collection depots.



Catching up with the latest in books and magazines.

Farm Saga

COUNTY SEAT, *by Paul Corey. Bobbs Merrill $2.50.*

PAUL COREY'S novels of American farm life merit an audience far beyond their present scope. As each book of his trilogy* has appeared, the full implications and reach of his work have become more clear. In widow Mantz and her sons Otto, Wolmar, and Andrew, Corey has given us farm characters at once so strongly individualized and yet so typical of our whole rural Midwest that the Mantz family stands in American fiction as a symbol of our times, among the most vivid and realistic portrayals of the middle-farm family that our generation of writers has produced.

Widow Mantz, who dominates the story as she does her children, is obsessed by that tragic and distorted conception (shared by millions of other Americans) of "making somebody" of each of her children. This desire of hers is universal: every mother worthy of the name wants for her sons and daughters a better life than was her portion. But, as Corey shows, the all-too-familiar pattern that this desire takes with widow Mantz is distorted in its values, tragic in its impact on her children, and doomed by forces stronger than any individual's will—even one as relentless as widow Mantz'—to ultimate defeat.

The widow of Christian Mantz comes to view their farm and farm life not as something to love and cling to, a worthy way of life to fight for, together with her neighbors, so that the future may bring her children a greater share of America's abundance of life. To her the farm becomes a necessary hard means to a bigger end, a place to escape from as soon as possible, when her sons and daughter are college trained and launched on promising careers in business or one of the professions. A well meaning, iron willed woman, she drives both herself and her children beyond human endurance. Whenever their vocational bents or relations with others work at cross-purposes with her pitiful "being somebody" dreams, the widow never hesitates as to her duty. Havoc follows. To escape her mother, Verney, the girl, makes a runaway, unfortunate marriage. The first world war and then the depressions ruin the widow's dream of her oldest son Andrew becoming a big-time architect. He returns to the farm country that he loves, accepting his mother's opinion of him as a failure. Wolmar, the second son, as relentless and self-centered in his way as his mother, and also hating the farm, follows his bent toward machinery—over her opposition. He is the only one who even approaches the widow's dream of "being somebody" as a smalltown garage owner.

Disappointed in her three older children, the widow concentrates all her hopes and energies on Otto, her youngest son. *County Seat* is concerned primarily with the struggle between the widow and Otto: the boy's love for the farm and Mena, a neighboring farmer's daughter, pitted against his mother's determination to prevent this marriage and Otto's "throwing himself away" on farm life. For a time the widow proves the stronger: Otto attends college; then, drifting away from Mena and the farm, he goes to Chicago to start on his business career. But the realities of modern America prove to be with the boy. Soon after the depression he returns, jobless, to take up his old farm life, renew his courtship of Mena, and prepare to help in the new organization springing up among the farmers. The widow Mantz dies, a bewildered and sorely disappointed woman. But Otto has found his place.

Corey's approach to his characters is at once warm and penetrating. He gives us a sense of the farm community and smalltown life of *County Seat*. We see the roots of the local Ku Klux, bootleggers, bankers' politics, and farmers' cooperatives. The author is less successful in making us feel the larger scene beyond this county, the broader forces molding our country and people and bringing such drastic changes into this midwest region and in families like the Mantz'. At times the story develops mechanically, things happen without either reader or characters knowing why or how they happened. To this extent the reader fails to get the full meaning of widow Mantz and her children, and of *County Seat* as an integral part of the whole America.

This type of novel, with its broad social implications, puts heavy demands on an author. It is not hard to understand why Corey's story at times becomes overinvolved, weighted down with detail and a series of case histories of minor characters. But these are minor faults in a substantial work that we hope will continue, bringing Otto and Mena and the younger generation of the Mantz family up to date.

MYRA PAGE.

* THREE MILES SQUARE, THE ROAD RETURNS, COUNTY SEAT. (Bobbs Merrill.)

Pioneer Work

POETIC DRAMA, An Anthology. *Edited by Alfred Kreymborg. Modern Age Books. $5.*

THERE are three notable facts about Alfred Kreymborg's anthology of the poetic drama. These are: (1) It is the first anthology of strictly poetic drama ever collected, and is therefore a pioneering work; (2) It is, intrinsically, a magnificent collection of some of the best work in this field from the times of Æschylus through the present day; (3) Its most important aspect is the frame of reference which governed Mr. Kreymborg's selections.

The casual reader will wonder why certain notable plays in verse were not included. Some of these omissions, such as T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral,* Ibsen's *Peer Gynt,* and Milton's *Samson Agonistes,* Mr. Kreym-

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borg amply accounts for—Eliot's play was unavailable, *Peer Gynt* was too long, and *Samson* the anthologist correctly estimates as a play for the library, not the stage. Other examples are numerous. You may agree with Mr. Kreymborg that Goethe's *Faust* is more an epic poem than a poetic drama, and you may still wish it was represented, rather than the play chosen, *Torquato Tasso*. You may have preferred to see *Romeo and Juliet* or *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* reprinted, rather than *Measure for Measure*, but the poet anthologist will tell you that there are innumerable reprints of these great dramas, and he had something else in mind when he chose *Measure for Measure*.

What he had in mind is amply evident throughout the collection, in the long and splendid introduction—which is as neat and concise a job of historical writing as you are likely to find in this field—and in the individual prefaces to the separate plays. What Mr. Kreymborg had in mind was to reproduce, under one cover, those dramas which are most representative of the democratic spirit down the ages. Once this purpose becomes plain, most of the anthologist's selections immediately justify their inclusion: plays such as *Œdipus Coloneus* (rather than the *Tyrannus*), *Ion* rather than *The Trojan Women* or *Medea, Everyman, Measure for Measure, Volpone,* Moliere's *Misanthrope, The Cenci, The Last Night of Don Juan* (rather than *Cyrano*), etc.

In his introduction Mr. Kreymborg says, "We have seen how deeply involved in a common destiny were the people and dramatic poets of ancient Greece; of seventeenth-century England, Spain, and France; of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Germany; of twentieth-century Ireland. And how even the first medieval steps of the trade guilds rescued a people's theater from the Dark Ages. *Art* is a good enough word to apply to such movements, but there is also the word *democracy* with its various forms and definitions at various times and its roots in the Greek demos. In our time the word is too often used by business leaders, lawyers, and politicians . . . [who] never quote(s) from our painters, sculptors, and poets; our architects, dancers, and philosophers. . . . The word *democracy* should be taken away from the men, mighty though they are, whose chief trade is living on the people, and not for them. . . . People and their artists are mutually inclusive. They embrace nothing more than the best they can give one another—the people rather blindly, the artist clearly."

This is the frame of reference that has governed Mr. Kreymborg's selection of these great poetic dramas of the past and present. It will be an enormously useful collection for many years to come.

ALVAH BESSIE.

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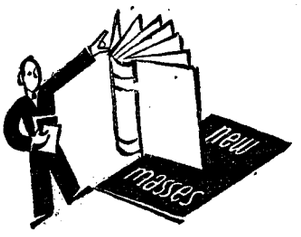

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SHOSTAKOVITCH'S ART

The rich musical writing in the two new recordings of the brilliant Soviet composer's Sixth Symphony and Quintet. His fresh use of old forms.

BOTH Victor and Columbia have recently provided us with recordings of major works by Dmitri Shostakovitch. From Victor comes the Sixth Symphony, performed by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, the same combination which gave us the fine Fifth Symphony recording a year ago. Columbia offers us the "Quintet for Piano and Strings," which last year won the Stalin prize of 100,000 rubles. It is performed by Vivian Rivkin and the Stuyvesant String Quartet.

There is a lesson to be learned from these works, about both Shostakovitch and the Soviet people. For this music reveals a step forward on the part of the composer, not only beyond his early works such as the First Symphony, the ballets, and the opera "Lady Macbeth of Mzensk," but even beyond his Fifth Symphony, which both conductors and audiences in America have accepted as a masterpiece of our times. And this is an achievement of a society as well as a man. While no social order, however perfect, can cause men of surpassing genius to be born within its borders, it can give its artists the means and opportunity for growth. How important a factor this is can also be judged from the dismal picture offered by some of the most gifted modern composers, who are either marking time or slipping backward; Stravinsky, for example, who today is a masterful but arid craftsman; Richard Strauss, whose art began to petrify even before he became the musical hero of Nazi Germany; Schoenberg, whose latest works have little to say to anyone.

The Sixth Symphony, written in 1939, begins with a long slow movement which strikes me as the greatest single piece of music I have heard from the pen of Shostakovitch. It opens with an extended, somber theme on cellos, which is repeated and broken up into a pattern of intertwining melodic lines, until it emerges towards the end as a tremendous, dirge-like song. The musical writing is rich and yet amazingly economical. New ideas are constantly unfolded, yet all the themes are hinted at in the opening melody. In spite of the slow tempo of the movement and its length, taking up more than half the symphony, its inner momentum never falters—rather, it increases in intensity. It is deeply mournful music, but not a personal lamentation. Rather it is music that might have been written to accompany the feeling of a whole people such as Sholokhov describes in *And Quiet Flows the Don,* or the losses of the Spanish people fighting to preserve their republic.

Two fast movements follow. First comes an "allegro" which starts like a familiar light scherzo but soon takes on a surprising harmonic acridity and emotional power. Then comes a "presto" which is popular music in the finest sense of the word; a torrential movement beginning with a rousing march-like theme, moving into a hint of folk dance, and bursting into a song such as Soviet youth might sing on parade, with jubilant trumpets and drums.

Each replaying of this symphony discloses new emotional facets and new subtleties. It may be that the last two movements, brilliant as they are, lack the dramatic content that would make them a fitting crown to the tremendous opening movement. The work is not the epic, rounded-out experience promised in the new "Victory Symphony" which Shostakovitch has just completed in Leningrad under siege. But certainly this work is a major musical achievement. Its musical language is revolutionary, not in the narrow sense of a complete break with the past, but rather moving forward from the past; keeping that which will still fit the new content, discarding what is useless; lean, succinct, expressive.

The Quintet for Piano and Strings strikes out in an entirely new direction. Shostakovitch has not followed the practice of the romantic composers, such as Schumann and Brahms, of trying to make chamber music sound like a compressed symphony. Rather, by a happy inspiration, he has gone back to the original impulse of chamber music, which was to write music for players as well as listeners. It is the kind of music which a group of talented amateurs can give a fair account of and enjoy themselves hugely doing so—"music for use." For his forms the composer has gone back to the eighteenth century, drawing upon such works as the suites and sonatas of Bach, and the divertimentos of Mozart, which were written exactly in this spirit.

There is not a hint of antiquarianism in this music, or of the crusading "Back to Bach" slogan which some modern composers wear like a badge. Shostakovitch uses old forms as he needs them, and to his own purposes. The entire work, like much of Mozart and Bach, has a deceptive lightness and transparency. It grows on one with repeated hearings, its five movements disclosing a wealth of human feeling, from tenderness to radiant charm and laughter. On the technical side the variety of instrumental colors, the effortless solution of the difficult problem of matching piano and strings, are things to marvel at. And we can get a keen insight into the growth of Shostakovitch by comparing this music, with its imaginative use of old forms, to some of his early ballets in which he seemed to regard Bach, Mozart, and all "bourgeois" music as subjects for mockery.

This Quintet, likewise, gives us a new revelation of Soviet cultural life. For a free and progressive society makes its mark in art not only in works of a heroic and epic character, but in the opportunities it gives people to come together and enjoy themselves; in its gayety and lyricism as well as its stirring drama. And this work, without superficiality or trickiness, is music-making of the most happy and pleasurable kind.

It might be well to examine these two works in the light of the caustic criticism directed at Shostakovitch by *Pravda* in 1936. This criticism caused a host of slanders of Soviet art to rise in this country, which the *New Republic* raked up in a series of two articles very recently. The articles started by admitting that the Soviet Union welcomed works by its new composers and performed them frequently, a condition, incidentally, that should make the composers of practically every other country highly envious. They went on to claim, however, that Soviet com-

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LAWRENCE, Jacob—Sixty tempera paintings "Migration of the Negro," Phillips Memorial Gallery. (through March 3rd)

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posers were forced to write only simple and easy music, that they had to use folk tunes exclusively for their material, that they had to refrain from any of the experiments of the "modernist" schools.

The Sixth Symphony and the Quintet answer these charges point by point. Far from being "written down" to the public, the Symphony is a highly austere work, requiring concentrated listening. Both works are strictly modern in their harmonies, although using dissonances only when they are called for by the musical language and emotions of the work. Although both works are thoroughly Russian in idiom, actual folkish tunes appear only in isolated spots, and are treated with the utmost imagination and subtlety. The Quintet, in its "classicism" of form, is not only something of an innovation for Russian music, but follows a path laid down by the "advanced guard" of the moderns, and to my ears goes most of them a good step better. Instead of borrowing classical forms, like the "fugue," to hide a withdrawal from the world (which I find in Stravinsky and Schoenberg, or in the "classicism" of T. S. Eliot's poetry), Shostakovitch penetrates to the true, inner music-making spirit of classicism in the language and emotional expression of our time.

What actually did the *Pravda* criticism say? It claimed that Shostakovitch was writing in too facile a style, that he was failing to enlarge his human and emotional scope, that in parts of "Lady Macbeth" he was stooping to actual vulgarity, that he was indulging in the pseudo-revolutionary practice of thumbing his nose at all art of the past. It was an article whose implications struck at much "radical" music of other countries. Like the academicians they hated, these musical rebels were upholding form as the whole of art. The only difference was that the academicians cherished the form of past music, ignoring its content, while the rebels searched only for a new form and language that would sound opposite to the past, not seeing that a new content would suggest its own changes.

The *Pravda* criticism was written out of a deep sense of responsibility toward Soviet music and Soviet composers, and *out of a desire to see them grow*. It was written in a country which had set a shining record for giving its artists great audiences, new forms to work with, rising directly out of the new needs of people, and great opportunities for growth. And its wisdom is fully proved in the present pair of works. They are fully as "modern" as the First Symphony, but modern on a new level, with a warmth and humanity that happens unfortunately to be rare in so much of modern music.

The performances of both works are splendid. Stokowski, Miss Rivkin, and the members of the Stuyvesant Quartet are not only fine technicians, but they have made a special study of modern idioms. Both albums come with understanding and illuminating notes on the music; the Victor by A. Veinus, and the Columbia by Nicholas Slonimsky.

MARTIN MACK.

The Shadow

Leslie Howard as anti-Nazi Superman. . . . "Design for Scandal."

PERHAPS a film like *Mr. V* is basically a wish-fulfillment. It is not very likely that a shy British professor of archeology, disguised as a scarecrow, ever could succeed in smuggling captives out of a Nazi concentration camp. But it is pleasant to dream that he could, and pleasant to see him bluff Dr. Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry into taking him on an obsequious tour of Dachau. When these adventures are presented with the deft direction and drolly understated acting of Leslie Howard, the result is a film delightful and heartwarming, if only because we wish the real-life job were as easy as that.

Prof. Horatio Smith is an inconspicuous fellow with a trick of fading into the background. What infuriates the Gestapo is that, when he fades, several important prisoners invariably fade with him. The professor's rescue work is accordingly frequently interrupted, especially by a charming young woman who, in turn, rescues him from his somewhat sterile romantic love for the statue of Aphrodite Callipygia. Finally forced by the declaration of war to leave Germany, the professor vanishes before the eyes of the Gestapo, leaving behind him a trail of cigarette smoke in the air and a grim promise: "Don't worry, I'll be back. We'll all be back."

This is a fairytale, but it has solid fact behind it, though its Gestapo officials are a little too gentle and gentlemanly for belief; their chief waits for evidence before making arrests, lets minor enemies escape scot-free, and is willing to carry on a battle of wits with the professor instead of clubbing him to death. *Mr. V*, indeed, wants you to laugh derisively at the Nazis rather than fear them. The rabbity officials of the Propaganda ministry, the ratty Gestapo subordinates, the hoggish Gestapo chief who insists that Shakespeare was a German—all these are brilliant satire. In one superb moment a German government spokesman, angrily denying rumors of the rescues, trumpets, "And, furthermore, in Nazi Germany nobody can be saved by anybody!"

Ned Hilton

If the lines are neat, the direction is neater. There is a fine irony, for instance, in the close-up of a poster on which a blonde maiden beckons: "Come to romantic Germany!" while, somewhere out of sight, we hear Hitler making a speech. The one serious flaw of *Mr. V* is a political superficiality which mars the logic of its anti-Nazi stand. Leslie Howard, in the character of Mr. Smith, declares explicitly that history is made, progress is achieved, by a few outstanding geniuses—the artists and scientists he is rescuing. In other words, the people don't matter and only great men are worth saving. Ignoring the very existence of the German people, *Mr. V* consequently ignores the real issues of the war and the real horror of Nazism. It must, nevertheless, be given credit for its anti-Nazi intentions, more credit for its delectable light touch, and special credit for such acting as Mr. Howard's and that of Francis Sullivan as the Gestapo chief.

SACHA GUITRY'S *Nine Bachelors* is technically adroit, decorated with amusing lines and a remarkably clever satirical musical score. The film nevertheless makes itself unpleasant by its vociferous insistence that dishonesty is the best policy. The view of human nature is the view one expects from a jaundiced eye; all Guitry's characters buy and sell one another, and his hero boasts of being a pimp. The bachelors of the title are a group of disreputable old men who gladly agree to marry foreign women, thus giving them French citizenship, at a flat rate of 25,000 francs; the money once paid, the old boys leave the phony Bachelors' Home and appear to embarrass their wives, with grotesque results. In the meantime the organizer of the deal marries, by a trick, the "Countess" on whom he has had his eye; she accepts him and the French citizenship that goes with him; and we leave these two charming people together. The old men, though caricatures in appearance, are well acted.

"DESIGN FOR SCANDAL" is distinguished chiefly by the emergence of poor Walter Pidgeon, after lo these many years of competent acting, as a glamour boy; as such he is compelled to take a shower bath in at least partial view of the audience, and to describe himself as irresistible to women. The script works hard at being funny; the actors work harder; both fail. Mr. Pidgeon and Edward Arnold, in desperation, shout, gesticulate, and grimace without helping matters. Only Rosalind Russell remains her cool, though martyred, self. In *Design for Scandal's* one effective scene, Miss Russell is mercifully freed from dialogue and allowed to posture before a mirror in an imaginary sarong. The rest of the time she's a lady judge, and the imbecilic other characters tell you she has brains but not beauty.

As for the director: someone in the film makes a long-distance telephone call. Close-up of telephone; close-up of telephone wires; close-up of phone operator making connections; close-up of another telephone operator making another connection; close-up of butler,

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at the other end, announcing, "A long-distance call for you, sir." This is not known as slow motion photography, but should be.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Stage Blitz

A new play about London under the fire of bombs.

"HEART OF A CITY," Lesley Storm's little play about London under the blitz, is a well intentioned effort to portray the courage of the British people—and in general it is an effective effort. The reasons for this are manifest in the obvious sincerity of Miss Storm's drama. She has made no attempt to *exploit* her characters or her situations—but has succeeded, in fair measure, in understanding both. The result is a stage full of very real people who are characters rather than rubber stamps standing for ideas.

You may feel that the juxtaposition of a group of chorus girls against the background of war horror is an obvious one, and you will be right. So is the juxtaposition of the theatrical tradition, "The show must go on!" against the idea of "Carry on, thumbs up!" etc. For it is true that Miss Storm's play runs to obvious cliches and traditional symbols. But the honesty with which she has projected these symbols, plus the creation of some real people, almost make up for the obviousness.

Under the hail of bombs the little Windmill Theater of London was the only show shop to remain open. It housed a topical revue full of ambitious young people trying to make theatrical careers for themselves. They have various emotional tangles, but these problems, correctly, become subservient to the necessities of war work for morale, and the need for real determination among all the people of London. There is much humor in these people—the redheaded showgirl whose happiness is achieved when she is named corespondent; the soubrette who wins a Royal Air Force pilot; the "highbrow" chorus gal whose horn-rimmed spectacles contrast so violently with her scant and sexy costume; the bird-brained strip-teaser whose friends are all foreign agents. There is also a heartening absence of phony "heroics." True, a good deal of rather sticky sentiment is involved, but the ideas Miss Storm projects are all valid, even though they do not probe very deeply into the meaning of the war or the forces from right to left, organized (and unorganized) who are in the battle.

In the leading roles Gertrude Musgrove, Margot Grahame (who gave so fine a performance in *The Informer*), Frances Tannehill, and Beverly Roberts are very human, very likable. Lloyd Gough contributes some fine understanding work in the role of a weak character whose failure to understand the issues of the war destroys him long before a Nazi bomb completes the job.

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Out of Their Teens

The American Youth Theater arrives on Broadway.

AFTER a lengthy apprenticeship in studios and concert halls, members of the American Youth Theater have assumed all the appurtenances of professional theater. They are listed in Gray's, they show themselves five times weekly in the former home of the Film Art Theater on West 58th Street; and the International Association of Theatrical Stage Employees, Local No. 1, has enfolded the group within its jurisdiction on the grounds that *Of V We Sing,* its new dressed up revue, constitutes competition to Broadway.

But the important thing is that the group shows a tremendous improvement over its former efforts. The relatively commodious stage is just the thing that was always needed to permit the full release of the cast's energy, and this irrepressible group is quick to take advantage of it. At one point, they not only sing and dance, but give off exuberant whistles in a manner usually associated with the more enthusiastic members of the audience. It may be the new professional facade or it may be the fact that they have worked together for a long period, but whatever the reason, the individual performers move with more confidence, more savoir faire, make the most of their material. Never, for instance, has Betty Garrett sung "Don't Sing Solo" with such charm and competence. "Brooklyn Cantata" is one of the better numbers of the show. Buddy Yarus is at his best in "Mother Love," another old number. Together with Phil Leeds, he reveals a mellowing technique that is a far cry from his early days in the Flatbush Art Theater. Phil Leeds is of course the pride of the troupe, and he appears in a dozen different guises from Hitler to baseball umpire, with a developing style that will some day carry him much closer to Broadway than 58th Street. All the actors are easy to watch, and easy to listen to—Curt Conway, who contributes a sharp professional touch to the company; Letty Stever, who shows a fine sense of comedy; Adele Jerome and Lee Barrie, whose singing and acting are solid props to the entire structure of the revue; John Flemming, the Negro baritone, whose voice is not used *often enough*; Eleanore Bagley, John Wynn, Robert Sharon, Connie Baxter, and Perry Bruskin—all contribute to make this company the equal of such groups as those in *Pins and Needles* and *Meet the People.* Bruskin, the director, has grown with the company, and the newly found precision and smartness of the troupe are largely due to his labors.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

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GOINGS ON

MARXIST ANALYSIS OF THE WEEK'S NEWS by Joseph Starobin, Foreign Editor New Masses, Sun., March 1st, 8:30 P.M., Workers School, 35 E. 12 St.

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PROGRESSIVE'S ALMANAC

"PROGRESSIVE'S Almanac" is a calendar of meetings, dances, luncheons, and cultural activities within the progressive movement. This list is published in connection with NEW MASSES' Clearing Bureau, created for the purpose of avoiding conflicting dates for various affairs. Fraternal organizations, trade unions, political bodies, etc., throughout the country are urged to notify NEW MASSES' Clearing Bureau of events which they have scheduled. Service of the Clearing Bureau is free.

February

26—Schomburgh Collection of The Harlem Library, Forum, "Publishing Negro Books," Angelo Herndon, Wendell Malliet, William Blake, Henrietta Buckmaster, 9 W. 124th St., 8:30 P.M.

26-27-28—School for Democracy, Individual Lectures, 7 & 8:40 P.M., Guest Lecturers, 13 Astor Pl., N. Y. C.

27—Russian War Relief — Dance Recital, Draper, Haakon, Robinson, etc. Carnegie Hall.

27—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings Forum, Louis Zukofsky, Novels of Italy, France, United States, 1900-1940. Commentators, Dr. Harry Schlochower, Rene Taupin, 237 E. 61st St., 8:30 P.M.

27—I.W.O. West Side Forum, Jean Rubinstein reviews "Mission to Moscow," 220 W. 80th St., 9 P.M.

28—Saturday Forum Luncheon Group. Rogers Corner Restaurant, 8th Ave. and 50th St., 12:30 P.M.

28—International Juridical Assoc. 10th Anniv. Dinner, Hotel Murray Hill.

28—Crown Heights Victory Council, Dance and Show, square dances, etc., Benefit Russian War Relief, 430 6th Ave., 8:30 P.M.

March

1—Popular Theater, Show and Dance, for Johnny Doodle Company, many celebrities of radio and theater, Irving Plaza, 9 P.M.

1—Veterans Abraham Lincoln Brigade—Dinner, Memorial Division, Hotel Diplomat.

6—Soviet Russia Today, 10th Anniversary Banquet, Program, place to be announced.

6—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings Forum, Ben Appel "The Way Home," novel on common people in 1942, 237 East 61st, 8:30 P.M.

8—Joint aus. I.L.D. and League of Amer. Writers, Manuscript and book sale, benefit Oklahoma Book Trials, Hotel Piccadilly, 2 P.M.

8—Party and inaugural celebration for the new Negro Quarterly, Angelo Herndon and others, 13 Gramercy Park, 4 P.M.

28—Veterans Abraham Lincoln Brigade, Spring Dance, Webster Hall.

29—Annual I.W.O. Pageant and Dance, Paul Robeson, Guest Artist, Manhattan Center, 7:30 P.M.

29—NEW MASSES Art Auction, afternoon and evening—ACA Gallery.

A QUESTIONNAIRE

The Editors of NM are eager to have you answer

PLEASE NOTE THAT IT IS NOT NECESSARY FOR YOU TO SIGN YOUR NAME

1. What is your choice as the best article or feature in this issue? Your second choice?

2. What type of articles do you like best in NM?

3. What type of articles, not now appearing in NM, would you like to see published?

4. Do you feel that a weekly "News Review" section would be valuable?

5. Do you regularly read the editorial section of the magazine? If not, why? If you do, give us your reaction.

6. Would you like us to publish a full page "column" each week on people, big and little, written by a first-rate reporter?

7. What person, or persons, would you want to author a weekly page of humor?

8. Would you like a quiz department in which the five key questions of the week would be asked and then answered on another page?

9. Would it be of value to you if we listed our first, second, and third choice movies of the week?

10. Would it be of value if we listed the best of the new books published during the week?

11. Do you prefer "short short" stories regularly or very long ones less frequently? Would you like to see the stories illustrated?

12. Do you find NM "difficult" either in subject matter or language?

13. Please tell us why you bought this issue, and when you last bought a copy. If you subscribe, tell us how you came to subscribe.

14. If you have difficulty persuading your friends to read NM, what are the reasons?

15. Please tell us whether you have read our back cover, page 32, this week. Also tell us how you like our Quiz Book idea, and whether you will try to get a copy for yourself by sending in two subs.

16. Please tell us what kind of work you do, and about how much you earn each week.

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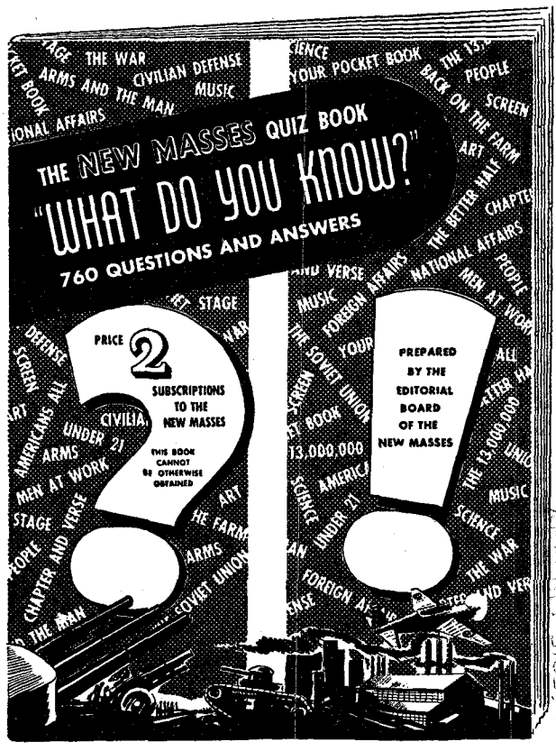
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